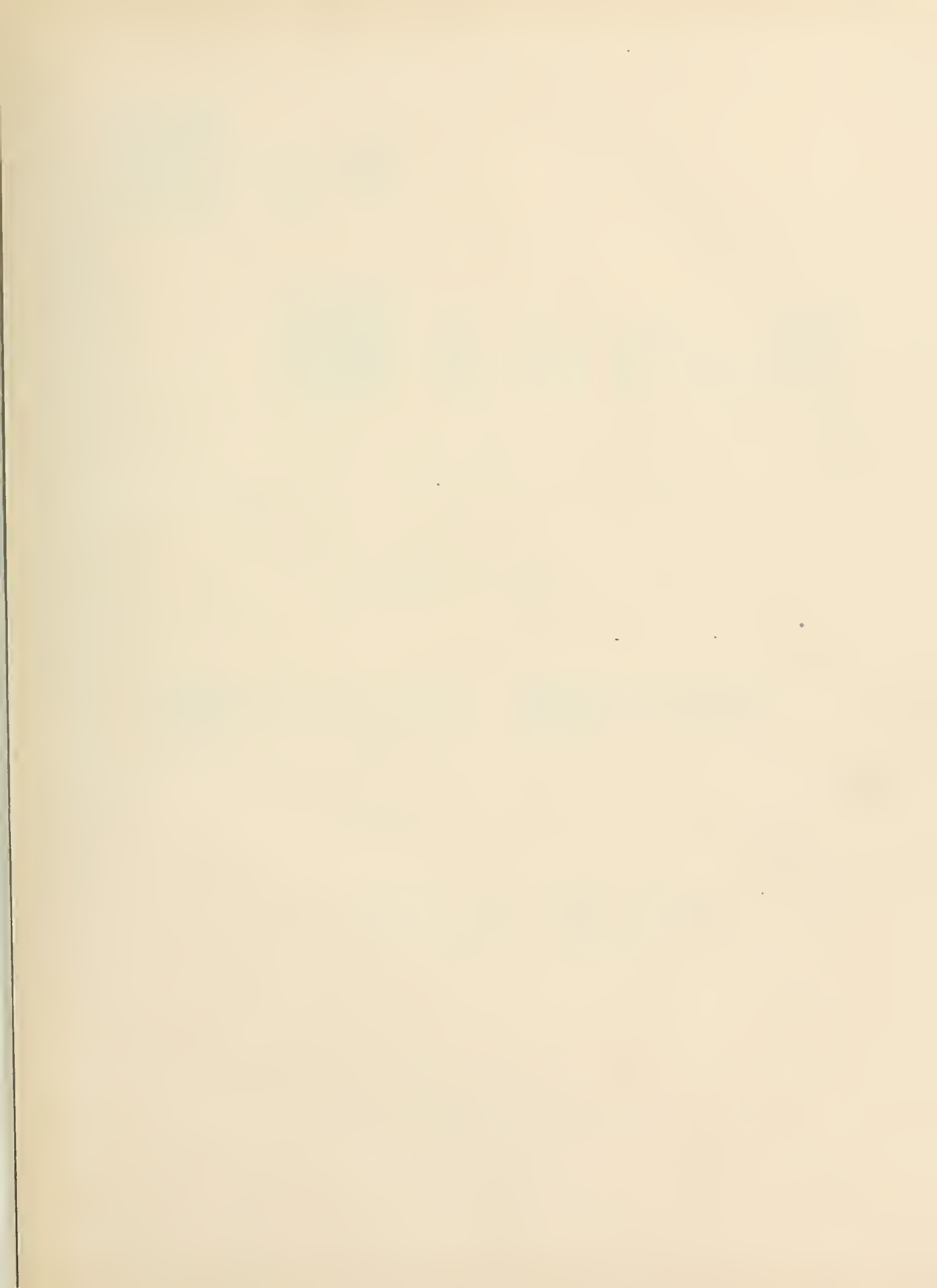


“OUR
PEOPLE”

CHARLES KEENE.









UR



EOPLE

Sketched by



HARLES



EENE.

From the Collection of "Mr. Punch."

BOSTON.

JAMES R OSGOOD & CO.

1701

"Our People."

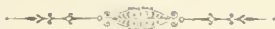
Sketches from 'Punch' by

'K.'



OUR PEOPLE.	At Home.
OUR PEOPLE.	Street-Life.
OUR PEOPLE.	In the Country.
OUR PEOPLE.	Travelling.
OUR PEOPLE.	Professional.
OUR PEOPLE.	Official.
OUR PEOPLE.	In the Army.
OUR PEOPLE.	Art and Artists.
OUR PEOPLE.	Volunteers.
OUR PEOPLE.	At Business.
OUR PEOPLE.	Domestics.
OUR PEOPLE.	Working Folk.
OUR PEOPLE.	In Ireland.
OUR PEOPLE.	In Scotland.

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COMPANION TO "OUR PEOPLE,"

ENGLISH SOCIETY AT HOME,

Society Pictures By

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co, PUBLISHERS.





Mens Conscia.

Inspector (who notices a lackwardness in History). "WHO SIGNED MAGNA CHARTA?" (No answer.)

Inspector (more urgently). "WHO SIGNED MAGNA CHARTA?" (No answer.)

Inspector (angrily). "WHO SIGNED MAGNA CHARTA?"

Scapegrace (thinking matters are beginning to look serious). "PLEASE, SIR, 'TWA-N'T ME, SIR!"



Dignity.

Club "Buttons." "I'M AT THE 'JUNIOR PENINSULAR' NOW."

Friend. "WHAT! DID YOU 'GET THE SACK' FROM 'THE REYNOLDS'?"

Buttons (outspoken). "GO ALONG WITH YER! 'GET THE SACK!' I SENT IN MY RESIGNATION TO THE 'COMMITTEE'!"



Family Pride.

First Boy. "MY FATHER'S A OFFICER." **Second Boy.** "WHAT OFFICER?"
First Boy. "WHY, A CORPSEAL!" **Third Boy** (vehemently "come"). "SO'S MY FATHER—HE'S A OFFICER, TOO—A GENERAL, EE IS!" **Fourth Boy.** "GO ALONG WITH YER!" **Third Boy.** "SO HE IS—HE'S A GENERAL DEALER!"



Bad Customer.

Landlady. "WHAT GENTLEMAN'S LUGGAGE IS THIS, SAM?"

Ancient Waiter. "GENTLEMAN'S LUGGAGE, 'M' 'OR' BLESHYER, NO, MUM! THAT'S ARTIN'S TRAPS, THAT IS. THEY 'LL AVE TEA HERE TO-NIGHT, TAKE A LITTLE LODGIN' TO-MORROW, AND THERE THEY 'LL BE A LOAFIN' ABOUT THE PLACE FOR MONTHS, DOES' NO GOOD TO NOBODY!"



"March of Refinement"

Brown *(Wind the Age, but Humoury).* "GIVE ME THE BILL OF FARE, WAITER."

Head Waiter. "REG PARDON, SIR?" **Brown.** "THE BILL OF FARE."

Head Waiter. "THE WHAT, SIR?" **Brown.** "O' AH! YES!" *(In Subordinate)*—

"CHAWLS, BRING THIS—THU—A—GENTLEMAN—THE MEND!"



Refrigerated Tourists

Provincial Waiter. "ICE! GENTLEMEN! THERE AIN'T NO ICE IN AUTUMN TIME. BUT IT'S EASY TO SEE YOU ARE GENTS FROM LONDON, AS DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT NATURE, AND I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR IT, IN COURSE. BUT, ICE IN AUGUST!"

[Exit, sniggering]



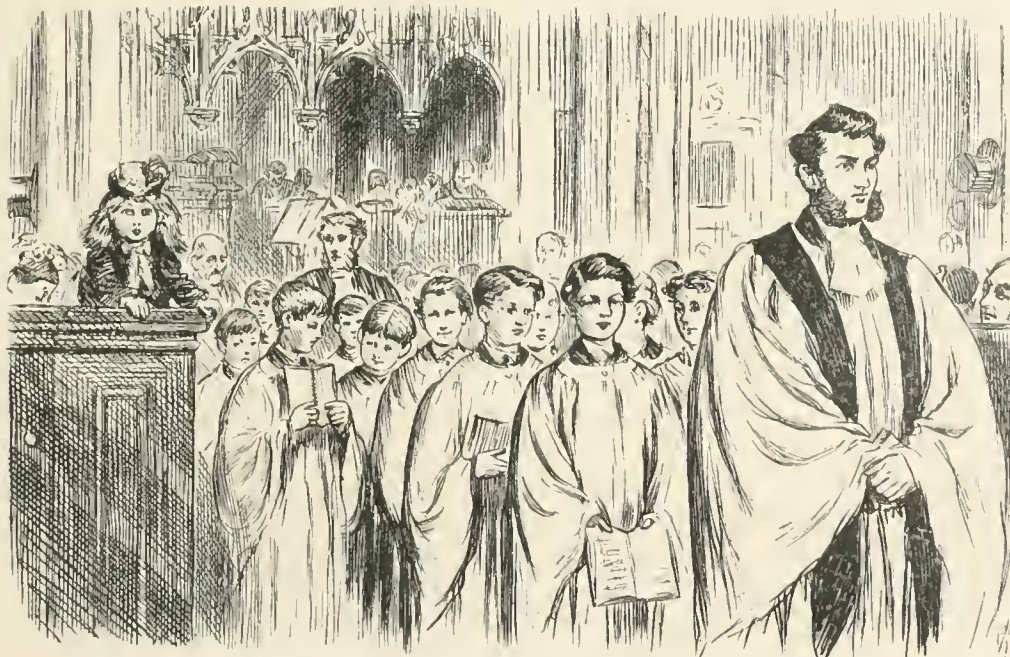
Intelligent Pet.

"MA, DEAR WHAT DO THEY PLAY THE ORGAN SO LOUD FOR, WHEN 'CHURCH' IS OVER? IS IT TO WAKE US UP?"



"Durance."

Little Daughter. "WON'T THEY LET US OUT WITHOUT PAYING, MA'?"



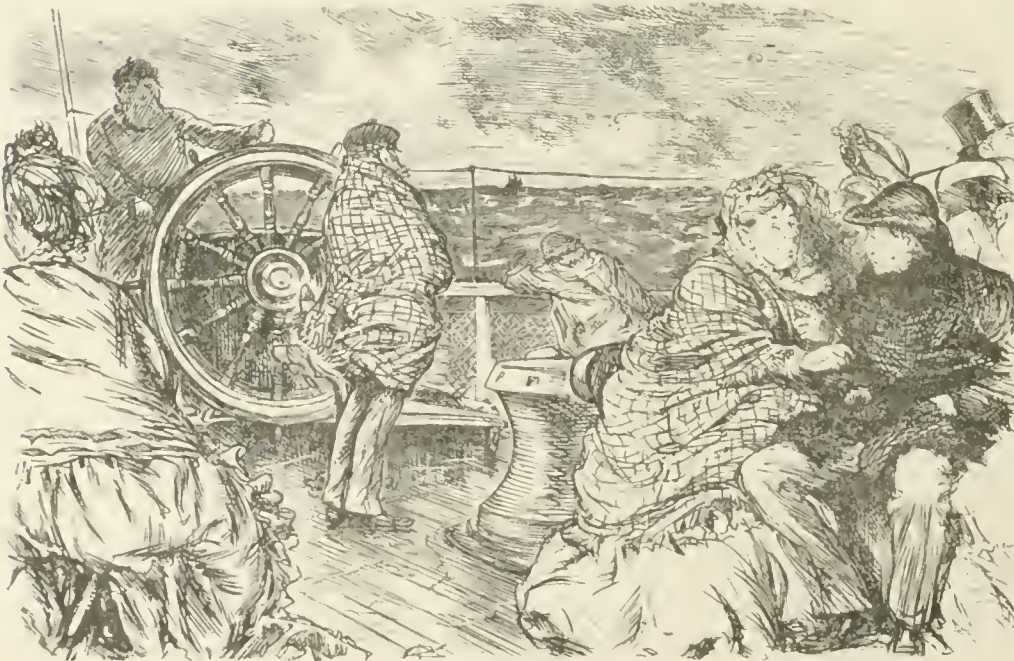
The Mystery Solved.

Effie (our Parson's little daughter: her first experience of "Church." Aloud—with intense surprise). "PA AND ALL THE DEAR LITTLE BOYS, IN THEIR NIGHTGOWNS, GOING TO BYE-BYE!"



A Pledged M.P.

M.P. a Bride "OH! WILLIAM, DEAR—IF YOU ARE—A LIBERAL—TO BRING IN A BILL—NEXT SESSION—FOR THAT UNDERGROUND TUNNEL!"



"Perils of the Deep."

Unprotected Female (awaking) said to her husband, "OH, MISTERS, WOULD YOU FIND THE CAPTAIN? I'M HERE IN DANGER! I'VE BEEN WATCHING THE MAN AT THE WHEEL WHO'S BEEN KEEPING TURNING IT ROUND THE SAME OLD WAY ALL THE TIME, AND EVIDENTLY DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN MIND!"



"The Pink of Fashion."

"OUR FLOWER SHOW WAS A DECIDED SUCCESS THIS YEAR, AND LITTLE FIDRINS IN AN EMBROIDERED FLORAL WAIST-COAT WAS KILLING!"



The Bird Show.

That Charming Gal with the blue feathers to Perseus, "SWEETLY, DEAR!"

Comic Man ("Dolcissimo" in Form," from the "Chorus of the Gods," "YU, DUCKY!")

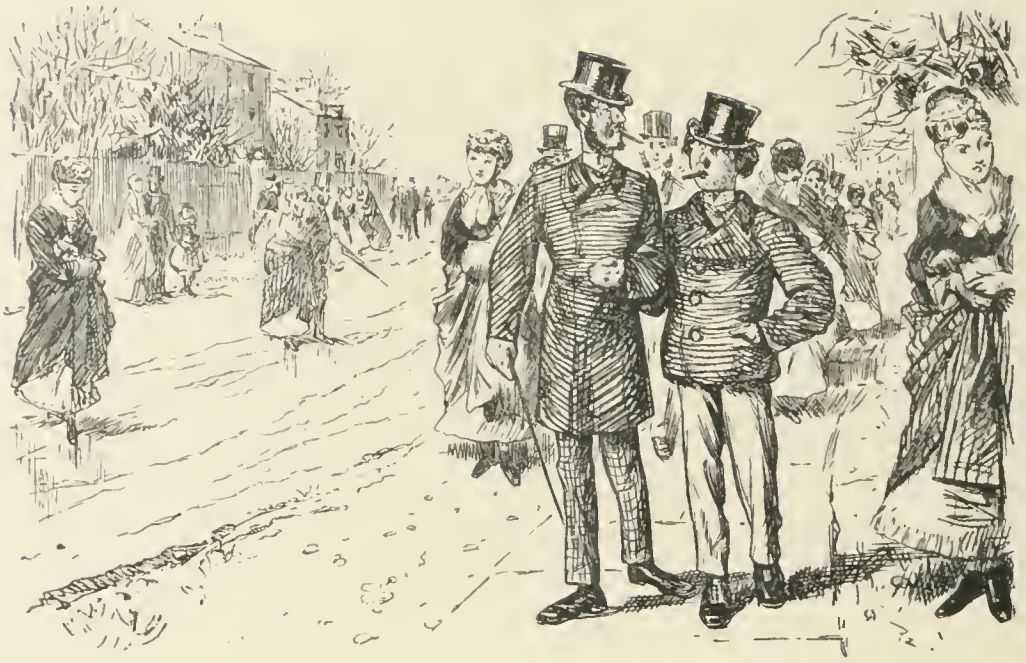
[Utterly entranced the hops, and 'twas by the bird in the cage, of his tall friend, serious mien, who had been smilingly looking on at the affair, and thought he had made an impression.]



"Trying"

Happy Swain she has "tried the deep." "AND NOW, DEAREST EDITH, THAT IS ALL SETTLED. WITH REGARD TO JEWELLERY, MY LOVE; WOULD YOU LIKE A SET IN PLAIN GOLD, OR—"

Edith (smiling and looking down, and who offers a good deal from both her) "OH, AUGUSTUS, NOW YOU ASK ME—DO YOU KNOW I REALLY BUT MR. COLE HAD ME YESTERDAY THAT HE COULD EXTRACT ALL I HAVE, AND PUT IN A BEAUTIFUL NEW SET FOR ONLY FIFTEEN GUINEAS!"



Common Prudence.

Snob. "Oh, let's get out o' this Mob, 'ARRY! THEY'LL THINK WE'RE A GOIN' TO CHURCH!"



The Triumphs of Temper.

Fare (out of patience at the fourth "jib" in a *Mile*). "Hi, this won't do! I SHALL GET OUT!"

Cabby (through the trap, in a whisper). "Ah then, FOR, NIVER MIND HER! SIT STILL! DON'T GIVE HER THE SATISFACTION AV KNOWIN' SHE'S GOT RID AV YE!!"



"For Better for Worse."

Our friend Egnidge (hasn't a r-p) has just married the widow (rich) of old Harbison the stockbroker.

Mrs. B. (Retiring). "SHALL I SEND MY POPPET HIS SLIPPERS?"

Mr. B. "N-N-N-N-O—NOT AT PRESENT, THANKS!" (*Sotto voce to his guest when the door was closed.*) "NOT SO FOND OF HAVING THE MUZZLES ON MY FEET AT EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING, YOU KNOW, BARNBY!"



A Half Truth.

Guard (of the Falmouth Railway Company, that still forbids tobacco). "STRONG SMELL OF SMOKE, SIR!"

Passenger (his cigar covered by his newspaper). "Y-A-A-S; THE PARTY WHO HAN JUST GOT OUT HAS BEEN SMOKING FURIOUSLY!"



Poor Humanity!

Eride. "I THINK—GLOEGE, DEAR—I SHOULD—BE BETTER—IF WE WALKED ABOUT——"

Husband (one wouldn't have believed it of him). "YOU CAN DO AS YOU LIKE, LOVE. I'M VERY WELL 'AS I AM!"



Family Ties.

Especially dedicated to Mr. Punch's excellent meals at the Egyptian Hall (M. and C.)

Aunt. "GRACIOUS GOODNESS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CUPBOARD, YOU NAUGHTY BOYS?"

Jacky. "OH, AUNT WE'RE PLAYING 'MASCULINE AND COOK.' I TIE HIM TO THE CHAIR, AND WHEN THE DOOR'S OPENED HIS HANDS ARE FREE. THEN HE DOES ME!"



Prevention Better than Cure!

James "HOLD! HOLD! HERE'S THE PHILIN! QUICK! QUICK—OFF WITH YOU!"

German Impostor "HERE IS SOME ALKALINE!"

James "WELL, IT'S USELESS! BUT IF IT DOES DO ANY GOOD, I'LL TAKE IT, IF YOU DON'T KNOW BETTER!"



The Roll-Call.

Sergeant. "ALISTER McALISTER!"

Answer. "HAMISHO!"

Sergeant. "DONAL McBEAN!"

Answer. "HAMISHO!"

Sergeant. "PETER McKay!"

Answer. "HAMISHO!"

Sergeant. "JOHN SMITH!"

Answer. "HERE, SIR!"

Sergeant (with a Sniff). "Ugh! 'ENGLISH POCK-PUDDING'!!"



Gentility in Greens.

(Mrs. Brown finds Sandymouth a very different place from what she remembers it years ago!)

Greengrocer. "CABBAGE, MUM!! WE DON'T KEEP NO SECOND-CLASS VEGE-
TABLES, MUM. YOU'LL GET IT AT THE LOWER END O' THE TOWN!"



Plain to Demonstration.

Customer (anxiously). "Ah! THEY NUT BE VELY TERRIBLE AT FIRST."

Dentist (reassuringly). "NOT A FIT OF IT, SIR! LOOK HERE, SIR!" (Dentist
routinely catching his entire set) "HERE'S MY 'UPPER, AND HERE'S MY 'UNDER."



Unprejudiced

Swell of the R. A. Exhibition. "HAW! 'AVE YOU ANY IDEA—W WHAT FELLAS' PICTURES WE'RE TO ADMIRE THIS YE-AR!"



A Kind Son

Paterfamilias "Dis Elder Son, He's a B. F. —" "GEORGE, THESE ARE UNCOMMONLY GOOD CIGARS! I CAN'T AFFORD TO SMOKE FIFTY CENTS' WORTH OF CIGARS AS THESE."

George (grandly). "FILL YOUR CASE—FILL YOUR CASE, GY FATHER!"



Crass Ignorance

First Swell "LIL'S SEE—T-MORROW— WHAT'S T'DAY, BYTHERY?"

Second Swell "TUESDAY, ISN'T IT?—OR MONDAY? WAS YEST'DAY, SUNDAY? NO, WERE—TODAY MY MAN'LL BE BLUE PRESENTLY—PROMPTLY SHUDDER FELLOW—TELL ME LIKE A SHOT!"



A Change in the Weather.

Paterfamilias (with a sigh: his family have been to Boulogne for the holidays. "It's all up!")

Bachelor Friend (who has enjoyed these little dinners). "WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Paterfamilias. "TELEGRAM! SHE SAYS THEY'VE ARRIVED SAFE AT FOLKSTONE, AND WILL BE HOME ABOUT 10.30!"



"Res Angustæ Domus"

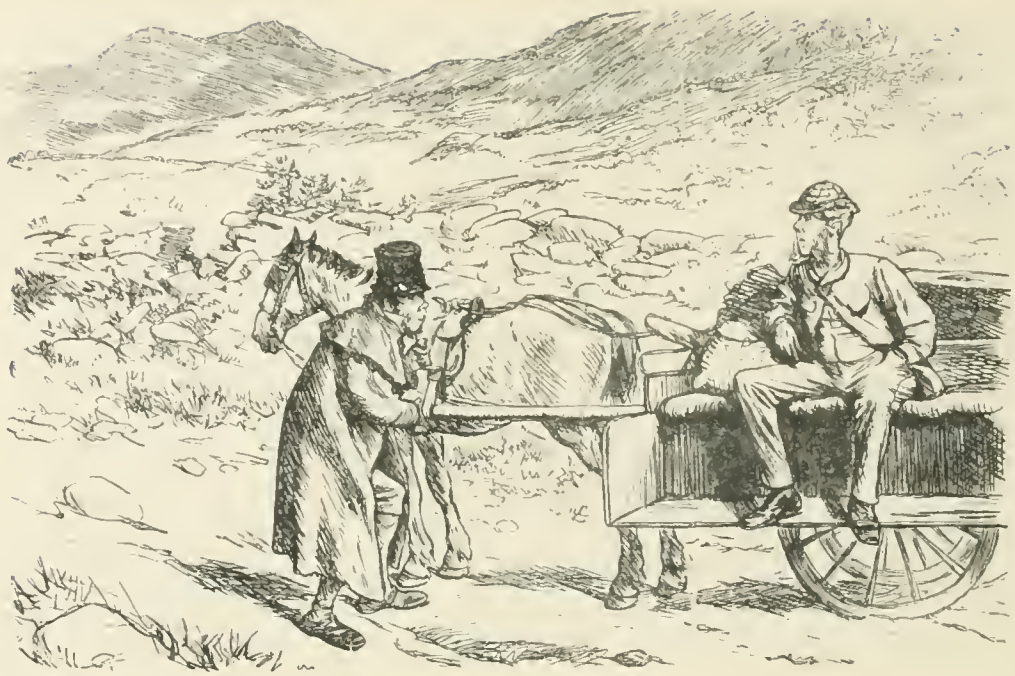
Family Man. "WHERE DO YOU GO THIS YEAR, JENNINGS?"

Bachelor (in a sketchy manner). "OH! BADEN FOR A FEW WEEKS, AND THE WHINE, BELGIUM—I WON'T GET FAR—VIENNA!"

WHERE 'YOU OFF TO?"

Family Man. "OH, I SUPPOSE I SHALL TAKE THE OLD WOMAN DOWN TO WORTHING, AS USUAL."

(And he says this to the Bachelor, who is a little more than what was said and a little more.)



Irish Ingenuity.

Saxon Tourist. "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU LOWERING THE SHADES FOR?" (He has just found out that this manoeuvre is gone through at every ascent.)

Car-Driver. "SHURE, YER 'ONNER, WE'LL MAKE 'M BLAVE HE'S GOIN' DOWN HILL!"



Scrupulous.

Shepherd. "'C, JIMS, MUN' CAN YE NO GIE A WHU' TLE ON THY RAMM'IN' BEUTE O' MINE? I DAUNA MYSEL'; IT'S JUST FAST-PAY IN OOR PARISH!"



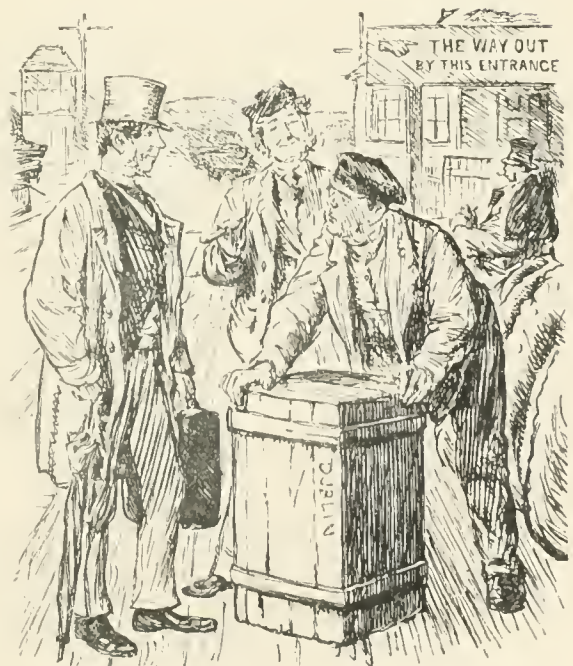
A Game Two can Play at.

Guard to Exited Passenger at the Edinburgh Station, just as the Train is Starting. "YE'RE TOO LATE, SIR. YE CANNA ENTER."
 Stalwart Aberdonian. "A' MA'N!" Guard (holding him back). "YE CANNA!"
 Aberdonian. "TELL YE A' MA'N—A' WEEL!" Greeting Guard. "IF A' MA'NNA, YE SANNA !!!"



Decimals on Deck.

Irish Mate. "HOW MANNY IV YE DOIN' TELL ME?"
 Voice from the Hold. "THREE, SIR!"
 Mate. "THIN HALF IV YE COME UP HERE IMMEDIATELY!"



More "Revenge for the Union."

Saxon Tourist at Irish Railway Station. "WHAT TIME DOES THE HALF-PAST ELEVEN TRAIN START, PADDY?"
 Porter. "AT THIRTYV MINUTES TO TWELVE—SHARRUP, SIR!"
 [Tourist retires up, discomfited.]



The Ulster

Schoolboy (*to Boyer*) I am a "Yankee" from New York
THINK I CAN SEE ME!



"Silence is Golden"

[illegible]

Barometrical



A Family Man.

Cabby. "Vy, I'm a F. ILLER OF A FAMILY MAN, ILL, MUM, NOT SO 'ANDSOM' AS YOU. (TILL I DILL—MUM, I DON'T SAY,—AN' IF YOU THINK I'D GO FOR TO CATCHHARD I'LL 'EM! NOT I, MUM! NOT A SIXPENCE—LET'S TILLER TILLER 'TARIS! &c., &c.)

[Claim allowed.]



Unconscionable.

Head of the Firm. "WANT A HOLIDAY?" WHY A GOOD ONE, THEN, AT HOME
TILL A MONTH!



A Narcotic

Doctor. "LOOK HERE, M. M. 'AWDIE, DON'T GIVE HIM ANY MORE PHYSIC.
A SOUND SLEEP WILL DO HIM MORE GOOD THAN ANYTHING."
Gudewife. "T. H. D. 'THOR, IF WE COULD, SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE KICK!"



The Connoisseur.

Host (snapping his lips). "THERE, MY BOY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A TREAT. THAT'S '34 PORT, SIR!"

Guest. "AH! AND A VERY NICE, STUNG WINE, I SHOULD SAY! I BELIEVE IT'S QUITE AS GOOD AS SOME I GAVE '37s. FOR THE OTHER DAY."



Awful Warning!

Guest (at City Company Dinner). "I'M UNCOMMONLY HUNGRY!"

Ancient Liveryman (with feeling). "TAKE CARE, MY DEAR SIR, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, TAKE CARE! D'YOU KNOW IT HAPPENED TO ME AT THE LAST LORD MAYOR'S DINNER TO BURN MY TONGUE WITH MY FIRST SPOONFUL OF CLEAR TURTLE; 'CONSEQUENCE WAS—(sighs)—'COULDN'T TASTE AT ALL—ANYTHING—FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING!!"



The Sausage Machine.

Cook. "O MY DEAR, 'M, NO WONDER THE FLAVOUR O' 'OLM SASSINGETS WASN'T TO-BRIGHT, 'M, WHICH I'VE JEST NOW KITCHED MASTER ALFRED A CUPPIN' HIS 'CAVENDISH' IN THE MACHINE!"



Just in Time.

Veteran Piscator. "HICH ! BUT YON'S A MUCKLE FISH LOUPIN' ABIN' ME." (It was lucky he looked round !—his Friend from London had preferred Sketching on the Banks, had stumbled over a Boulder, and "Gone a Header" into a deep hole. He was gaffed at his last kick !)



Words and Weights.

Angler. "DEUCED ODD, DONALD, I CAN'T GET A FISH OVER SEVEN POUNDS, WHEN THEY SAY MAJOR GRANT ABOVE US KILLED HALF A DOZEN LAST WEEK THAT TURNED TWENTY POUNDS APECE !"

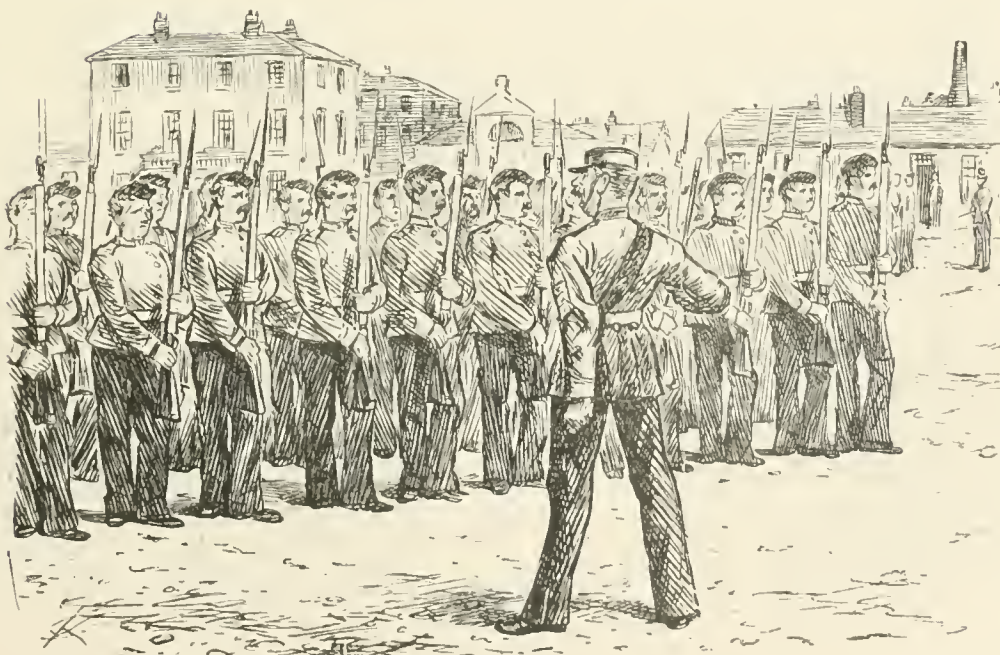
Donald. "AWEE, SIE, IT'S NO THAT MUCKLE ODDS Y'RH' SAWMON,—BUT THAE FOWK UP THE WATILB IS BIGGER LEEVRS THAN WE ARE DOON HERE !"



The New Running Drill.

(A respectful appeal to His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief.)

CAPTAIN BLUARD, AS HE APPEARED IN COMMAND OF HIS COMPANY.



Our Military Manœuvres.

Irish Drill-Sergeant (to Squad of Militiamen). "PRE'S'NT 'REMS!"—(As'omishing result.)—"HIV'NS! WHAT A 'PRE'S'NT"! JUST STEP OUT HERE NOW, AN' LOOK AT YERSILVES!!"



The Race not yet Extinct.

Country Excursionist *(just back at G. H. T. house)*. "COULD YOU INFORM ME WHAT THESE TWO BUSES CHARGE FROM PADDINGTON TO THE BANK?"

Dundreary *(with an effort)*. "AT 10, TO 'M'SOUL, HAVEN'T AN IDEA!! NEVER WORE 'N ONE IN M' LIFE! SHOULD SAY A MERE TWIFLE! IT WAYS A SHILLING, OR TWO SHILLINGS. 'DON'T THINK THE WASCAIS COULD HAVE THE CONSCIENCE TO CHARGE YOU MORE THAN THREE SHILLINGS! 'WOULDN'T PAY MORE THAN FOUR! I'D SEE 'EM AT THE D.D. DOGHOUSE!"



A Dilemma.

Party *(on route by the lake)*. "HEY! CAP!"

Driver. "ALL RIGHT, SIR, IF YOU'D JUST WALK TO THE GATE!"

Party. "O, BOTHER! WALKING TO 'GATE!"

Driver. "WELL, SIR, IF YOU CAN'T GET THE TUG, I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN GET OVER!"



Adjustment

Bootmaker *(he has a deal of trouble with this Customer)*. "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WERE TO CUT YOUR CORNS, I COULD MORE EASILY FIND YOU A PAIR——"

Choleric Old Gentleman. "CUT MY CORNS, SIR! I ASK YOU TO FIT ME A PAIR O' BOOTS TO MY FEET, SIR!—I'M NOT GOING TO PLANE MY FEET DOWN TO FIT YOUR BOOTS!"



A Mine of Speculation.

Dealer (to Wary Customer). "WELL, OF COURSE WE ALL KNOW THAT—HE'S GOT 'IS BAD POINTS AN' 'IS GOOD POINTS; BUT WHAT I SAY IS, THERE'S NO DECEPTION ABOUT 'IS BAD POINTS—WE CAN SEE 'EM. BUT WE CAN'T NONE OF US TELL 'OW MANY GOOD POINTS HE MAY 'AVE TILL WE COMES TO KNOW 'IM!!!"

[The "Party" look time to consider.]



"Argumentum ad Hominem!"

Dealer. "I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE HIS 'EAD, AND I ALLOW HE AIN'T GOT A PURTY 'EAD; BUT LOE'—NOW LOOK AT GLADSTONE, THE CLEVEREST MAN IN ALL ENGLAND!—AND LOOK AT 'IS 'EAD'!!!"



Veneration.

Lodger. "I SHALL NOT DINE AT HOME TO-DAY, MA'AM, BUT I'VE A FRIEND COMING THIS EVENING. IF YOU COULD GIVE US SOMETHING NICE FOR SUPPER——"

Landlady *Lucy Church.* "WOULD YOU LIKE THE REMAINDER OF THE COLD TURKEY—AH (*feels a delicacy*)—HEM! *BRELZE-ETTED, SIR!*"



A Soft Answer

Irrascible Old Gent. "WAITER! THE PLATE GETS COLD."

Waiter "YESSIE, BUT THE CHOP IS HOT, SIR, WHICH I THINK YOU'D FIND IT'LL WARM UP THE PLATE SARTY, S."



Seasonable Luxury.

Old Gent *(disgusted).* "HUT, WAITER! BILKS A—BILKS A—A—LATER-PIKAR IN THIS CHOP!"

Waiter *(disappointed).* "YESSIE. ABOUT THE TIME O' YEAR FOR 'EM JUST NOW, S."



Education!

Papa (*improving the occasion of Luncheon*). "Now, look, HARRY, THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF THIS CAKE IS EQUAL TO ABOUT THREE TIMES THE DIAMETER, AND——"

Harry. "Oh, then, Pa', let me have the CIRCUMFERENCE FOR MY SHARE!"



Cricket!

Uncle. "WELL, TOM, AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE IN CRICKET THIS HALF?"

Tom. "OH, BLESS YOU, UNCLE, WE'VE BEEN 'NOWHERE,' THIS SEASON; ALL OUR BEST 'MEN,' YOU KNOW, WERE DOWN WITH THE MEASLES!"



Treacherous Confederate

Uncle George (*addressing the Young People with some Old Country Song*). "NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU SAW ME TURN THE HANDKERCHIEF.—WOULD YOU BE SURPRISED TO FIND—*(burst of laughter)*—I SHALL PRODUCE THE ORANGE-GUT YOUNG FELLOW HERE WAS SO OBLIGING AS TO OFFER TO TAKE CARE OF, AND INSIDE WHICH, I'VE NO DOUBT, WE SHALL FIND THE SHILLING!"



Breaking the Ice.

Sprightly Lady. "MR. DOEMERS, WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH
Bashful Curate (who had scarcely spoken to his Fair Neighbour). "O,
 CERTAINLY. WHAT SHALL I HAVE THE PLEASURE TO OFFER?"
Lady. "—A REMARK!"



The First Sermon.

Aunt. "WELL, DAISY, HOW DID YOU LIKE 'CHURCH' YESTERDAY?"
Daisy. "O, AUNT, THEY WERE ALL SO QUIET AND LOOKED SO CROSS, I
 THOUGHT I MUST 'A' SCREAMED!!"



"Sweet is Revenge Especially to Women!"

CAPTAIN O'LEEDY, WHO ANNOYS THE MISS LANKYSTERS SO MUCH ON THE PROMENADE BY HIS OBTRUSIVE ADMIRATION, IS DIS-
 COVERED EARLY ONE MORNING, BY HIS ENLIGHTENED VICTIMS, IN THE ACT OF HAVING AN "EASY SHAVE" IN THE SOMEWHAT LIMITED
 PREMISES OF THE VILLAGE FIGARO.



Desperate Case!

M.A. (endeavouring to instil Euclid into the mind of Private Pupil going into the Army). "Now, IF THE THREE SIDES OF THIS TRIANGLE ARE ALL EQUAL, WHAT WILL HAPPEN?"

Pupil (confidently). "WELL, SIR, I SHOULD SAY THE FOURTH WOULD BE EQUAL, TOO!!"



Exchange!

Togswell (in the Washing Room at the Office, proceeding to dress for the De Brounney's Dinner-Party). "HULLO! WHAT THE DOUCE"—(Pulling out, in dismay, from black bag, a pair of blue flannel Tights, a pink striped Jersey, and a spiked carias Shoe.)—"CONFOUND IT! YES!—I MUST HAVE TAKEN THAT FELLOW'S BAG WHO SAID HE WAS GOING TO THE ATHLETIC SPORTS THIS AFTER-NOON, AND HE'S GOT MINE WITH MY DRESS CLOTHES!!"



A Degenerate Son

The Governor (indignantly). "GEORGE, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU KNEW BETTER! IT'S DISGRACEFUL! IS IT FOR THIS I'VE PAID HUNDREDS OF POUNDS TO GIVE YOU AN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION, THAT YOU SHOULD——"

Son and Heir (with cigar). "WHY—WHAT HAVE I DONE, GOVERNOR?"

The Governor. "DONE? DARED TO SMOKE, SIR, WHILE YOU ARE DRINKING MY '31 FORT!!"



Lucid!

Irish Sergeant (to Squad at Judging-Distance Drill). "Now, YE'LL PAY THE GREATEST OF ATTENTION TO THE MAN AT EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS: BECAUSE, IF YE CAN'T SEE 'M, YE'LL BE DECEIVED IN HIS 'APPEARANCE!'"



The Riding Lesson.

Riding Master (to Sub, who is qualifying himself for the Poquon Country). "If YEE 'EAD WAS ONLY TURNED THE OTHER WAY, WHAT A SPLENDID CHEST YOU'D 'AVE, ME BOWDRIE!"



Look before you Leap.

Middle-Aged Uncle. "NOT PROPOSED TO HER YET! WHY, WHAT A SHILLY-SHALTYING FELLOW YOU ARE, GEORGE! YOU'LL HAVE THAT LITTLE WIDOW SNAPPED UP FROM UNDER YOUR NOSE, AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN! PRETTY GAL LIKE THAT—NICE LITTLE PROPERTY—EVIDENTLY LIKES YOU—WITH AN ESTATE IN THE HIGHLANDS, TOO, AND YOU A SPORTING MAN——"

Nephew. "AH! THAT'S WHERE IT IS, UNCLE! HER FISHING'S GOOD, I KNOW; BUT I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT HER *GROUSE!*"



No Mistake, this Time.

Lodger. "DEAR ME, MRS. CRIBBLES, YOUR CAT'S BEEN AT THIS MUTTON AGAIN!"

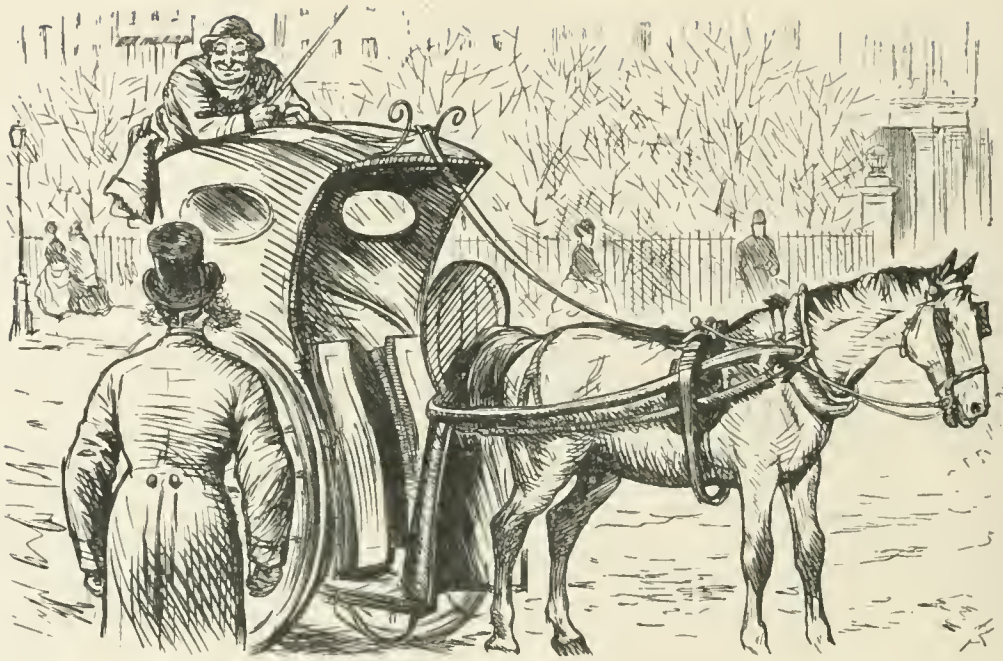
Landlady. "OH NO, MUM, IT CAN'T BE THE CAT. MY 'USEAND SAYS HE BELIEVES IT'S THE COLLIERIARDA BEETLE!"



State o' Trade.

Small Girl. "PLEASE, MRS. GREENSTOUGH, MOTHER SAYS WILL YOU GIVE HER A LETTUCE?"

Mrs. G. "GIVE!! TELL TREE MOTHER GIV'EM'S DEAD, AND LENDUM'S VERY BAD. NOTHINK FOR NOTHINK 'ELL AND PRECIOUS LITTLE FOR SIXPENCE!!!"



"Let Well Alone!"

Swell. "AH—WHAT'S YOUR FARE TO HAMSTEAD BY THE—AH—NEW LAW?"

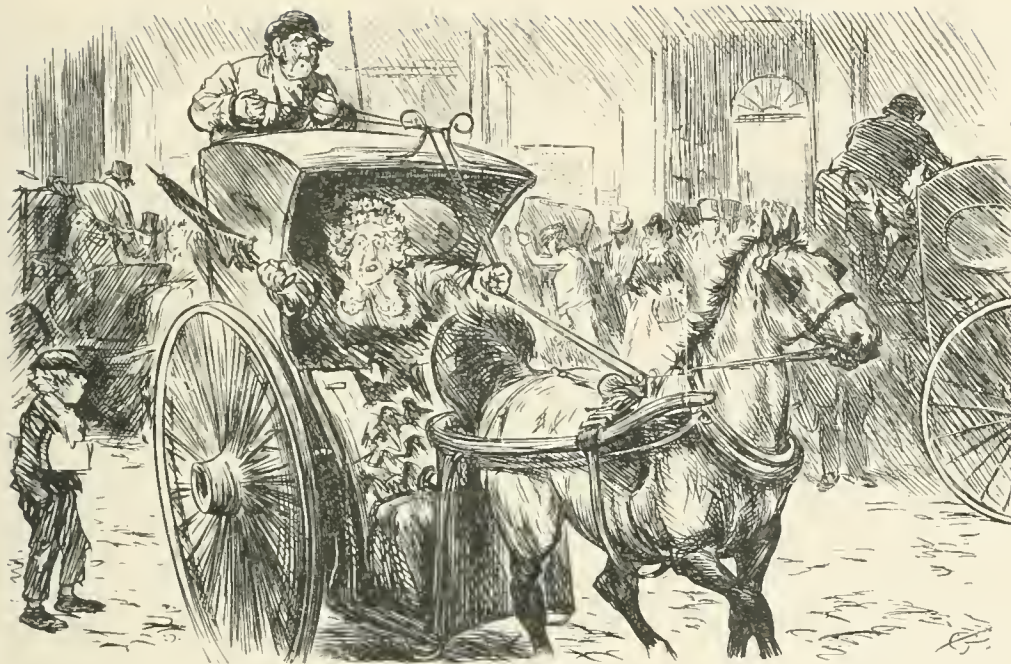
Cabby. "OH, I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' 'BOUT NO NEW LAWS, SIR!—SAME OLD FARE, SIR!—LEAVE IT TO YOU, SIR!"



"Le Jeu ne Vaut pas la Chandelle."

Old Gent (who had to pay twice). "BUT I'M POSITIVE I HANDED YOU THE MONEY! IT MAY PERHAPS HAVE DROPPED DOWN THE SEAT IN THE DOOR."

Conductor. "SLIP IN THE DOOR!—WELL, 'TAIN'T LIKELY I'M GOIN' TO TURN THE BOX UPSIDE-DOWN FOR SIXPENCE!"



"Tho' Lost to Sight—"

Aunt Jemima (from the country—her first experience of a "Hansom"). "Hoy! Hoy! STOP THE HORSE! WHERE'S THE COACHMAN?"



Precise

Driver (impatient). "Now, Bill, what's it all about?"

Conductor. "GETLEMAN WANTS TO BE PUT DOWN AT No. 20 A IN CLARINGTON SQUARE, FIRST PORTICO ON THE RIGHT AFTER YOU PASS THE 'RED LION,' PRIVATE ENTRANCE ROUND THE CORNER!"

Driver. "O, CERTAINLY! ASK THE GETLEMAN IF WE SHALL DRIVE UP-STAIRS, AN' SET 'IM DOWN AT 'IS BED-ROOM DOOR IN THE THREE-PAIR BACK!"



An Extensivè Order.

"O, PLEASE, MISS, WILL YOU GIVE US TWO 'A'PENNIES FOR A PENNY, AND GI' ME A DRINK O' WATER, AN' TELL US THE RIGHT TIME? AN' FATHER WANTS A PIPE; AND LEND MOTHER YESTERDAY'S 'TIZER.'!!!"



"No such Luck."

Young Lady. "IS IT HUNGRY, THEN? COME ALONG, LITTLE DARLING, IT SHALL HAVE ITS DINNER."

Street-Sweeper (*overhearing, and misapplying*). "HERE Y' ARE, MISS! RIGHT YOU ARE! I JEST AM!"
[*Ah! but it was Fido she was speaking to!*]



"'Tis Better not to Know."

Impudent Boy (*generally*). "TRY YER WEIGHT—ONLY A PENNY!" (*To Lady of commanding proportions in particular*). "TELL YER 'NACT WEIGHT TO A HOUNCE, MEM!"



Vested Interests.

Sweeper "If you don't get off my crossin', I'll 'ey your nember!"



"Chaff."

Apple-Stall Keeper to the Boys. "Now, then, what all you gaping at? What do you want?"
 Street Boy. "Nothin'!"
 Apple-Stall Keeper. "Then take it, and be off!"
 Street Boy. "Very well! We'll use it for us in a piece o' paper!"
 [Bul's.]



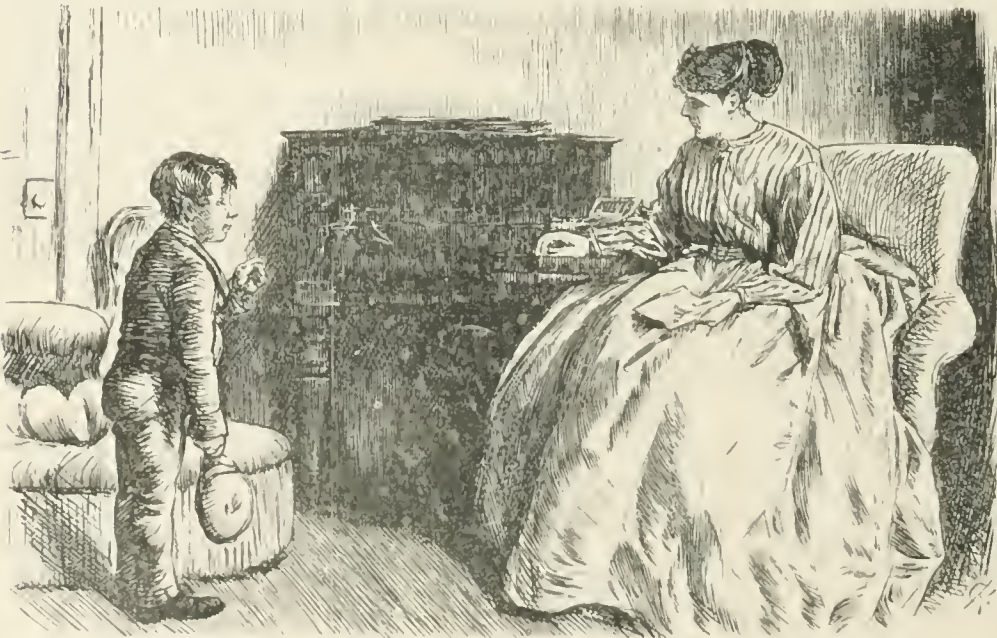
"Is It Possible?!"

Swell (being a Juvenile Member of Manufacturing Circle). "You should always—ah—touch your hat to a gentleman!"
 Factory Lad. "Please, sir, I didn't know as yer was one!!!"



A Panic in the Kitchen

Facetious Page. "NOW, THEN, HERE'S THE CENSUS, AND MASTER'S ORDERED ME TO FILL IT UP. I'VE PUT DOWN YOUR AGES WITHIN A YEAR OR SO, AND YOU'VE TO 'RETURN' YOUR FOLLOWERS, IF ANY, HOW MANY, AND STATE 'POLICE OR MILITARY,' FEES AND TIPS FROM TRADESMEN AND VISITORS 'PER ANN.,' PRICE O' KITCHEN-STUFF, AVERAGE O' BREAKAGES, &C., &C."



Proof Positive.

Mistress. "YOUR CHARACTER IS SATISFACTORY, BUT I'M VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT ONE THING: I WISH MY SERVANTS TO HAVE PLENTY, BUT I DON'T ALLOW ANY WASTE."

Page. "OH, NO, 'M, WHICH I'D EAT AND DRINK TILL I BUSTED, 'M, RATHER THAN WASTE ANYTHING, 'M."



"Qualifications."

Painter (who has always been ambitious of "writing himself down an R.A."). "THINK THEY MIGHT HAVE ELECTED ME, HAVING EXHIBITED AND HAD MY NAME DOWN ALL THESE YEARS! I MIGHT HAVE——"

Friend (*Man of the World*). "MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU, YOU DON'T GO THE RIGHT WAY TO WORK. YOU SEE THEY COULD ONLY ELECT YOU FOR YOUR PAINTING, FOR——WHY DO YOU WEAR SUCH THICK BOOTS?"



Temptation.

Painter. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU WANT ME TO SIGN IT, WHEN I TELL YOU I DID NOT PAINT IT! AND A BEASTLY COPY IT IS, TOO!"

Picture-Dealer. "VV NOT, GOOD SIR? VV NOT? TUI! TUI! ITT! I ONLY WISH YOU ARTIST'S WAS MEN OF BUSINESS!"



"Spoiling It."

Lord Dabbley. "WA-AH, SKEAKY, WHY I'VE HEARD—AH—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO—(*groans*)—HAVE A PICT VYAR AT THE EXHIBITION?"

Streaky, R.A. "HAW, VVY PROBABLY NOT, M'LORD. WELL, I THINK IT ONLY—AH—GRACEFUL, M'LORD, WE SHOULD OCCASIONALLY FOREGO OUR PRIVILEGED SPACE FOR THE SAKE OF OUR VOUNCEL PAINTERS—AH! BESIDES, I QUESTION IF I SHALL BE ABLE TO FINISH MY PUBLIC PORTRAITS IN TIME THIS YE-AR!"



Particular!

Young Mumford *graciously*, having learnt that the *Lady* was new, his part of the matter. "DE SAY YOU KNOW THE CAIGTEYS
(1) BIDDIESER?—AWFULLY JOLLY PEOPLE! I—"

Naughty Beauty "OH NO, WE ONLY VISIT THE COUNTY FAMILIES, AND WE *H'FED* THEM!"

(Her partner wishes this "*Feet Set*" was "*The Ladies*."



Vivifying Treatment of a Partner.

(A Trance by the *Foot* of the *Partner*.)

Young *Lacy* to *Partner*, *absolutely* as they talk of the *Place*. "NOW — I'VE BEEN TO FOUNTAINS ALLEY, AND TO BOSTON, AND I'VE SEEN THE BRIMHAM ROCKS, AND THE BEDDING WELL, AND THE VIEW FROM THE OESLEVAGORY, AND WE HAD A MORNING IN YORK MINSTER, AND WE HAVE BEEN HERE A FORENIGHT, AND WE ARE GOING TO STAY ANOTHER, AND PAPA TAKES THE CHAIRY-DEATH WATERS, AND I AM VERY GLAD THE CAVALRY ARE GOING. NOW YOU MAY BEGIN CONVERSATION."

[After Collapse of *Partner*.]



Arbiter Elegantiarum.

Housemaid. "OH, PLEASE, 'M, COULD I GO OUT THIS EVENING? 'CAUSE COOK NEX' DOOR'S GOT A 'LANGUAGE O' FLOWERS BEE,' AND SHE'S REQUESTED ME TO BE ONE O' THE JUDGES!"



"The Servants."

Cook. "THEN, SHALL YOU GO AS 'OUSEMAID?"

Young Person. "NO, INDEED! IF I GO AT ALL, I GO AS LADY 'ELF!"



"Hard Lines."

Mistress (to former Cook). "WELL, ELIZA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?"

Ex-Cook. "WELL, MUM, AS YOU WOULDN'T GIVE ME NO CHARACTER, I'VE BEEN OBLIGED TO MARRY A SOLDIER!"



"Not to Put too Fine a Point on It."

Transatlantic Party. "LOOK 'ERE, WAIFER! CHANGE THIS KNIFE FOR A PEA-EATER. STRANGER AND ME AIR ON DIFFERENT PLATFORMS, AND I MIGHT HURT HIM."



"Never Say 'Die'"

Nephew. "SURE IT ISN'T GOUT, UNCLE?"

Uncle. "GOUT? SHUFF AN' NONSENSH! NOT A BIT OF IT! NO, FACT IS—PHIW—LOOK THESE CON-FOUNDED BOOTMAKERS—THEY MAKE YOUR BOOTS A TIGHT."



"Ingenuas Didicisse" &c.

Urbane Foreigner. "THEIR ART! CONTEMPLATION OF THESE ART-BELLS OF ANCIENT ART IN THE GALLERIES OF EUROPE, MUST BE MOST INTERESTING TO THE—AH—EUROPEAN AMERICAN!"

American Tourist. "WELL, DON'T SEEM TO CARE MUCH FOR THESE STONE GIRLS, S-MELOW, STRANGER!"



A Plutocrat.

Swell. "D YOU OBBIGE ME—AH—BY SHUTTING YOUR WINDOW?—AH—"

Second Passenger (*politely*). "REALLY, SIR, IF YOU WILL NOT PRESS IT, AS YOURS IS SHUT, THE AIR IS SO WARM I WOULD RATHER KEEP THIS OPEN. YOU SEEM TO TAKE GREAT CARE OF YOURSELF, SIR—"

Swell. "CARE OF MYSELF! SHOULD WATHER THINK SO. SO WOULD YOU, MY DEAR FEL-LAW, IF YOU'D SIX THOUSAND A YEAR!"



"Matter!"

Portly Old Swell (*on reading Professor Tyndall's Speech*). "DEAR ME! IS IT POSS'BLE! MOST 'XTR'ORDINARY!—(*throws down the Review*)—THAT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ORIGINALLY A 'PRIMORDIAL ATOMIC GLOBULE'!!"



A Final Appeal.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, I THROW MYSELF UPON YOUR IMPARTIAL JUDGMENT AS HUSBANDS AND FATHERS, AND I CONFIDENTLY ASK, DOES THE PRISONER LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO WOULD KNOCK DOWN AND TRAMPLE UPON THE WIFE OF HIS BOSOM? GENTLEMEN, I HAVE DONE!"



Division of Labor.

Facetious Volunteer Sub. "LOOK HEEF, CAPTAIN! I'M TIRED OF THIS FUN. DO YOU MIND LOOKING AFTER THE MEN WHILE I GO AND GET TAKEN PRISONER?"



"OFF."

Sergeant O'Leary. "DOUBLE! LEFT! RIGHT! WHAT THE BLAZES, FAY ROONEY, D'VE MASH'D BY SOL BOULIN' WID THE SQUAD!"

Pat. "SHURE, SERGEANT, 'TWASS' A FAIR START."



"Where Ignorance is Bliss" &c.

Frugal Housewife *has a large Family.* "Oh, Mr. SIDKINGS, I SEE BY THE DAILY PAPERS THAT THE PRICE OF MEAT HAS FALLEN TWOPENCE A POUND. I THINK YOU OUGHT TO MAKE SOME REDUCTION IN YOUR CHARGES!"

Country Butcher. "WERRY SORRY, MUM, BUT WE DON'T TAKE IN NO DAILY PAPERS, MUM!"



Complimentary.

Collier *about the Dog.* "YES, SIR, AW GOT HIM IN MANCHESTER, YONDER, AN' DOCTOR AW'S GOING T' AN YET, HEY Y' ONLY OBJECTION DY US NAMIN' HIM LITTLE YET!"

Young Medical Man *(rather pleased).* "Oh, DEAR NO, BY ALL MEANS 'DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE COMPLIMENT, THOUGH, HE'S NOT A BEAUTY TO LOOK AT!"

Collier. "MIBBES NOT, DOCTOR; BUT—SMALL 'UN—MUN, HE'S A BEAUTY TO KILL!"



"(Not) Thankful for Small Mercies"

Cat's-Meat Man. "WHAT 'A YER GOT FOR DINNIE TO-DAY, JOE?"

Crossing-Sweeper. "OH, A BIT O' ROAST WHEAT, SENT ME UP FROM NO. 6 IN THE CRESCENT TERR—AN' YER WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT! NOT A MONSTER O' STEEPEN, AH, AN' NOT SO MUCH AS A SLICE O' LEMON!" AND *(with a snarl)* CALLS THEMSELVES RESPECTABLE PEOPLE, I'VE NO DOUBT!"



Delicacy.

Edwin (as the *Servant* is goes off). "AH—L'ETAY SEE—AH—DIS-APPOINTAY DE NE PAS VOO VVOORE A LA BINE CE MATTANG—POOR—JAW ESKEE——?"

Angelina. "AH WEE, MAYS MOMMONG——"

Parlour-Maid. "HEW! BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS; BUT I UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE!"



"The Servants."

Mistress. "JANE, TELL COOK I'LL COME DOWN AND SEE WHAT SHE WANTS DONE TO THAT STOVE, AS THE BUILDER'S COMING TO-MORROW."

Jane. "O, PLEASE, 'EM, I DON'T THINK WE CAN AST YOU INTO THE KITCHEN TO DAY, MUM, AS COOK AND ME'S GOT A SMALL AND EARLY 'AT OME' THIS AFTERNOON, MUM!"



Retributive Justice.

Farmer (giving the Culprit a Box o' the Ear). "HOW DARE YOU BEAT THOSE GOSLINS, YOU YOUNG RASCAL? I SAW YOU!"

Boy. "BOO, OO, OO, WHAT FUR'D THEY GORS-CHUCKS FEATHER BOITE ON 'HEN FURR?!"



"By the Card"

Pedestrian. "HOW FAR IS IT TO SLUDGECOMBE, BOY?"

Boy. "WHY 'BOUT TWENTY 'UNDEED THEAUSAN' MILD 'F Y' GOO 'S Y'ARE AGOON' NOW, AN' 'BOUT HALF A MILD 'F YOU TURN RIGHT REAOUND AN' GOO 'I' OTHER WAY!"



In Jeopardy.

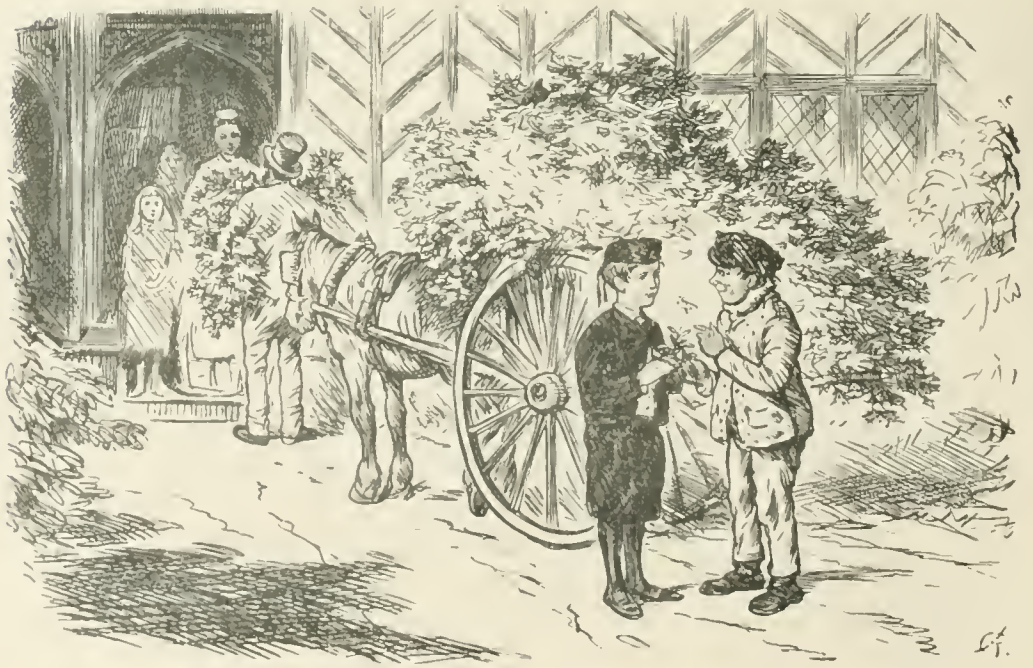
THE NEW BOY WAS ENJOINED TO BE VERY CAREFUL HOW HE CARRIED THE FIDDLE-CASE—"BY THE HANDLE, AND TO MIND NOT TO KNOCK IT AGAINST ANYTHING!" IMAGINE THE HORROR OF MR. FITSEY CARTER, HIS MASTER, WHO WAS FOLLOWING, TO COME UPON THE RASCAL, WITH THE INVALUABLE "JOSEPH" ON HIS HEAD, EXECUTING A PAS-SEUL OVER A SKIPPING-ROPE!!



Heresy

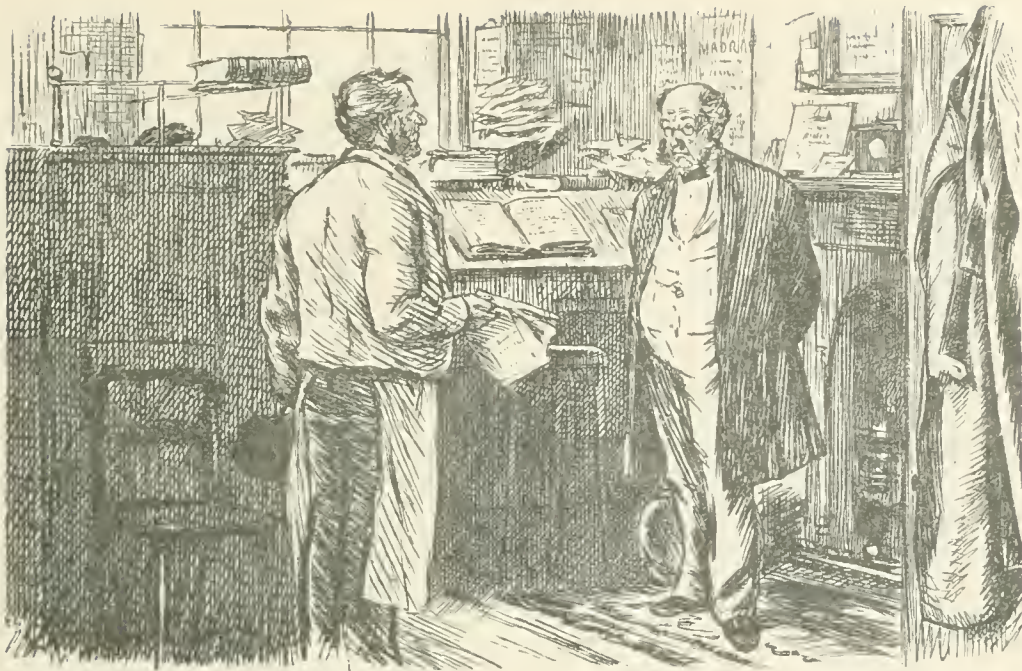
Mamma. "YOU KNOW WHO BUILT THE ARK, GEORGE?"
George promptly. "NAH, 'MA."

Mamma. "AND WHAT DID HE BUILD IT FOR?"
George dubiously. "FOR LITTLE BOYS TO PLAY WITH, 'MA!"



"On the Mistletoe Bough!"

Greengrocer, Jun. to whom — Little Fred and a Velvet had applied for a piece of Mistletoe for his own private diversion. "I'VE GOT YER A BIT, MASTER GEORGE. IT AIN'T A VERY BIG FIBER, BUT THERE'S LOTS O' BERRIES ON IT, AN' IT'S THE BERRIES AS DOFS IF!"



Culture for the Working Classes

Philanthropic Employer (who has paid his Workpeople's expenses to a neighbouring Fine-Art Exhibition). "Well, JOHNSON, what did you think of it? 'Pick up an idea or two?'"

Foreman. "Well, yer see, sir, it were a this way. When 's got there, we was a considerin' what was best to be done, so we affined a deppertation o' three on us to see what it were like; 'an' when they come off 'an' said it were only pictures 'an' such, we thought it a pity to spend our shillins on 'em. So we went to the tea-gardens, and werey pleasant it were, too. Thank yer kindly, sir!"



A Casual Acquaintance

West-End Man (addressing, as he supposes, *Intelligent Mechanic*). "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE MOORGATE STREET STATION?"

Seedy Party. "MO'RGATE STREET STATION, SIR? STRAIGHT ON, SIR, FUST TURNIN' 't' THE RIGHT, AND IT'S JUST OPPOSITE. AND NOW, YOU'VE INTERFERED THE SUBJECT, SIR, IF YOU COULD ASSIST ME WITH A TRIFLE, SIR, WHICH I'VE 'AD NOTHIN' TO EAT SINCE LAST FRIDAY—"

[*West-End Man* not having an answer ready, ferks out, and exit.



"Circumlocutory!"

Polite Coster (seeing *Smoke* issuing from *Brown's* coat-pocket). "YOU LI EXCUSE ME ADDRESSIN' O' YOU, SIR—COMMON MAN IN A MANNER O' SPEAKIN'—GEN'L'MAN LIKE YOU, SIR—BEGGIN' PARDON FOR TAKIN' THE LIBERTY, WHICH I SHOULD NEVER A THOUGHT O' DOIN' 'UNDER ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES, SIR, ON'Y YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO BE AWARE ON IT, BUT IT STRUCK ME AS I SEE YOU A GOIN' ALONG, AS YOU WERE A-FIRE, SIR!"

[*By this time Brown's right coat-tail was entirely consumed. His fingers had ignited by private arrangement among themselves.*



Alarming.

Buttons told his Masters on the of Wednesday, the 7th he had just seen that wonderful shooting star). "OH, PLEASE, SIR, THEM METEOR IS A GOIN' OFF AGIN'!"

Scientific Old Cent. Let's let it of his best sheep, and misunderstand the intelligence, "CH'-EN'-WEAT!-TURN IT OFF AT THE
MAY '11



Weights and Measures

Valetudinarian *It is not possible to get the best of the*
herbals and the *"No, what should you think was*
MY WEIGHT!

Gentleman in Black "Will, S. P. 111 11 SEE—YOU STAND ABOUT FIVE FEET TALL, TALLER IN HIS S. S. CHAIR, AND WE'LL SAY FIFTY INCHES DEEP WITH, I WOULD SAY, S. S. AT ANKLE, YOU WOULD 'LIFT AT 5,000 LBS. EVENING AND THE OTHERS."



"Small Mercies."

First Jolly Angler with a fish. "WELL, WE'VE HAD A VERY PLEASANT DAY! WHAT A DELICIOUS PUNCH OF LIFE!"

Second Dicto *on the date*. "GODDARD I SHAN'T FORGET THAT NIBBLE WE HAD - (AFTER A WHILE) AS LONG AS I LIVE."

Both. ' All '



Tyranny.

First Rough. "WE'RE A GOIN' TO BE EDUCATED NOW, C'MMISSORY, OR ELSE GO TO THE TREADMILL!"

Second Rough. "AH! NO VUNDER SO MANY POOR PEOPLE'S A EMIGRATIN'!"



A Perfect Cure.

Town Man. "HOW JOLLY IT MUST BE, LIVING DOWN HERE IN THE COUNTRY!" **Country Gentleman.** "OH, I DON'T KNOW. IT'S RATHER TORPID SORT OF LIFE; TIME PASSES VERY SLOWLY." **Town Man.** "TIME PASSES SLOWLY! YOU SHOULD GET SOMEBODY TO DRAW OF YOU AT THREE MONTHS!!"



In Consequence of the Tailors' Strike.

GEORGE AND THE GOVERNOR HAVE THEIR CLOTHES MADE AT HOME.

George. "ARE YOU SURE YOU TOOK MY RIGHT MEASURE, CHARLOTTE!" **Charlotte.** "OH, GEORGE, I'M SURE IT FITS BEAUTIFULLY!!"



"As Well as Can be Expected."

Horsey Parish Doctor *Int. for the Meet.* "WELL, MOTHER, AND HOW'S YOUR DAUGHTER, AND THE BABBY—POORLY, EH? AH, WELL, GIVE HIM A PINCH O' BRIMSTONE IN HIS PAP, AND I'LL LOOK IN TO-MORROW."



Penny Wise

National Schoolmaster *in a room with Government Inspector.* "WIKINS, HOW DO YOU GET SO SHILLINGS IN A PENCE?"

Pupil. "PLEASE, SIR, 'TAIN'T IT—'OUND TO THE PUBLIC-HOUSE, SIR!"



Reminiscences.

Governess. "SHOW MR. SMITHES YOUR NEW DOLL, ADA."

Old Restie. "AH—LOO—DEARY ME, MUM, IF IT AIN'T THE VERY MORAL OF MY OLD WOMAN WHEN SHE WAS IN HER PRIME!"



"Hoist with His Own 'Pomade'!"

Customer (worried into it). "WELL, I DON'T MIND TAKING A SMALL BOTTLE——"

Barber. "BETTER 'AVE A TWO SHILLIN' ONE, SIR; IT 'OLDS FOUR TIMES AS MUCH AS THE OTHER——"

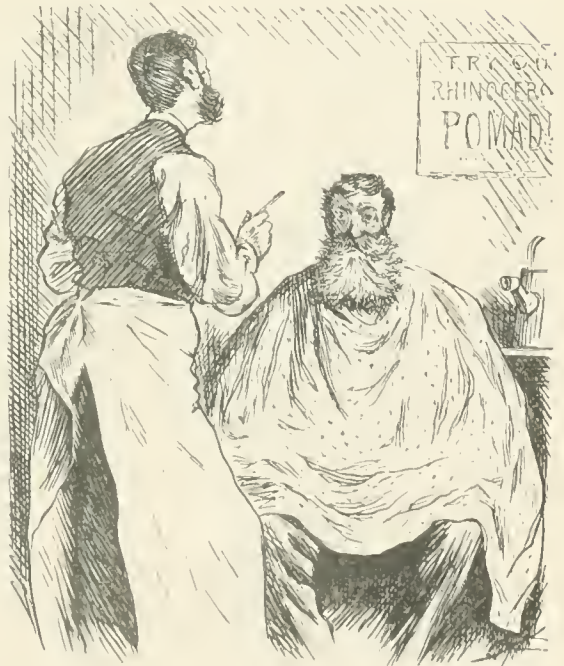
Customer (turning upon him). "O, THEN IF I TAKE THIS SHILLING BOTTLE, I SHALL BE DONE OUT OF HALF MY MONEY'S WORTH! THEN I WON'T HAVE ANY!" [Escapes in triumph!]



Distracting.

Customer. "WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE BISHOP'S SERMON ON SUNDAY, MR. WIGSBY?"

Hairdresser. "WELL, REALLY, SIR, THERE WAS A GENT A-SETTIN' IN FRONT O' ME AS 'AD HIS 'AIR PARTED THAT CROOKED I COULDN'T 'EAR A WORD!"



A Compliment.

Hairdresser. "ANY OFF THE BEARD, SIR?"

Customer. "NO, THANK YOU. I'VE LATELY TRIMMED IT MYSELF."

Hairdresser. "INDEED, SIR? I SHOULD NOT HAVE THOUGHT ANY GENTLEMAN OUT OF THE PROFESSION COULD HAVE DONE IT SO WELL!"



XXX Cellent Reasons.

Free and Independent to *reverting* Elector. "YOU DON'T ADMIRE HIS POLITICS? POLITICS BE BLOWED! LOOK AT HIS PRINCIPLES! THAT MAN ALLUS BREWS FIVE-AND-TWENTY BUSHELS TO THE HOGSHEAD!"



Sympathy.

Giles (*ruefully*). "VILLIAM, I'VE BEEN AN' GONE AN' 'LISTED!"

William. "LOK! 'AVE YER, THOUGH! GOT THE SHILLIN'!"

Giles. "Yes."

William. "WELL, THEN, LET'S GO AN' 'AVE A GLASS AT THE 'BAR AT-MOW.' DON'T LET'S BE DOWN'EARTED!"



Liberal to a Fault.

The Missus (*affably*). "MY 'USMAN'S OUT JUST NOW, SIR. CAN I GIVE HIM ANY MESSAGE?"

Liberal Candidate. "AH—I HAVE CALLED WITH THE HOPE THAT—AH—HE'D PROMISE ME HIS VOTE AT THE APPROACH——"

The Missus. "OH, YES, SIR. YOU'RE CAP'M BILKE, THE 'YELLOW,' I S'POSE, SIR! YES, I'M SURE HE'LL BE MOST 'APPY, SIR!"

The Captain (*delighted*). "Y-AS—I SHALL BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM—AND—AH—HE MAY DEFEND UPON MY——"

The Missus. "YES, I'M SURE HE'D PROMISE YOU IF HE WAS AT HOME, SIR; 'CAUSE WHEN THE TWO 'BLUE' GENTS CALLED AND ASKED HIM THE OTHER DAY, SIR, HE PROMISED 'EM D'REC'LY, SIR!"



Civil Service Miseries.

Mamma (who has been Shopping at the Co-Operative). "GOOD GRACIOUS, DEATS, WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THESE PARCELS?"

Youngest Daughter. "Oh, Pa' CAN TAKE THE LARGE ONE, MA', AND HE MIGHT CARRY SOME OF THE SMALL ONES IN HIS POCKETS!!"

[Pa', who has been waiting outside, feels he's in for it.



"Men were Deceivers Ever."

Swell (at the Civil Service Co-Operative Store). "HAW! I WANT TWO OR THWEE POUNDS—BACON—AND—AW—BLIGE ME BY DOING IT UP LIKE BOX—GLOVES OR FLOWERS, OR SOMETHING O' THAT SORT!!"



A Sinister Slip.

Smith. "HELLO, BROWN! 'BEEN FOR YOUR ANNUAL COLLIS— I MEAN YOUR ANNUAL EXCURSION, YET!"

[Brown was highly nervous, and this malign suggestion quite upset him. He spent his holiday at home!]



Force of Habit

City Merchant blissfully dozing in his Country Church. "SEASON TICKET."



"Alma Mater."

Young Punchonby "cuts the A" and goes to read for "the Church."

Tutor. "YOU ARE PREPARED TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES—"

Punchonby (with sleep), "AH 'TH PLEASH AH—AH—HOW MU—CH—"



Embarrassing.

Nervous Spinster to young old Bachelor, "OH, MY, MY GOOD, I'M SO 'FRIGHTENED' MAY I TAKE HOLD OF YOUR HAND WHEN WE'RE GOING THROUGH THIS TUNNEL?"



A Straightforward View

High Church Curate. "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR. SIMSON, ABOUT CLERGYMAN'S TURNING TO THE EAST?"

Literal Churchwarden. "WELL, SIR, MY OPINION IS, THAT IF THE CLERGY MAN IS GOODLOOKIN', HE DON'T WANT TO TURN HIS BACK TO THE CONGREGATION!"



"The Better the Day" &c.

Rustic (to Curate who dabbles in Photography). "I'D BE THER'LE MUCH OBLIGED, ZUR, IF YOU'D MAP OFF MY PICTURE, ZUR!"

Curate. "WELL, MY MAN, I'LL TAKE YOUR LIKENESS FOR YOU. WHEN WILL YOU COME?"

Rustic. "WELL, ZUR, IF YOU'VE NO 'BJECTIONS, I BE MOASTLY CLEANED UP AND HAS MOAST TIME O' ZUNDAY MAENINS, ZUR!"



A Distinction.

The "Good Parson" (to Applicant for Instruction in the Night School). "HAVE YOU BEEN CONFIRMED, MY BOY?"

Boy (hesitating). "PLEASE, SIR—I—DON'T KNOW——"

Parson. "YOU UNDERSTAND ME; HAS THE BISHOP LAID HIS HANDS ON YOU?"

Boy. "OH, NO, SIR; BUT HIS KEEPER HAVE, SIR—VERY OFTEN, SIR!"



Considerate.

Churchwarden. "TELL YE WHAT 'TIS, SIR. THE CONGREGATION DO WISH YOU WOULDN'T PUT THAT 'EEE CURATE UP IN PULPIT—NOBODY CAN'T HEAR US."

Old Sporting Rector. "WELL, BLUNT THE FACT IS, TWEEDLER'S SUCH A GOOD FELLOW FOR PARISH WORK, I'M OBLIGED TO GIVE HIM A MOUNT SOMETIMES"



Rustic Recollections.

Boy. "PLEASE, PA ARSON, MOTHER WANTS SOME SOUP"

The Rector. "BUT I TOLD YOUR MOTHER SHE MUST SEND SOMETHING TO PUT IT IN."

Boy. "OH, PLEASE, SHE'VE SENT THIS YEAR PA ALL VOR 'UN, PA ARSON!!"



Not a "Silver Lining" to a Cloud."

Adolphus (grandly; he is giving his future brother-in-law a little dinner down the river). "WAITER, YOU CAN—AH—LEAVE US!"

Old Waiter. "HEM!—YESSIE—BUT—YOU'LL PARD'N ME, SIR—WE'VE SO MANY GENTS—DON'T WISH TO IMPUTE NOTHING, SIR—BUT MASTER—FACT IS, SIR—(evidently feels a delicacy about mentioning it)—WE'RE—YOU SEE, SIR—RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PLATE, SIR!!!"



"What's in a Name?"

Walter (to nervous invalid). "THERE'S THE OLD CHURCH, SIR, CLOSE BY, BUT SOME VISITORS GOES TO ST. WOOLLE'S, SIR. THERE THE CLERGYMAN 'REACHES DISTEMPERY!!'"

[Clearly not the place for him, the old gentleman thinks, with a shudder.



A New Dish.

Sympathising Swell (waiting for some chicken). "YOU'VE GOT NO SINECURE HERE, THOMAS!"

Perspiring Footman. "VERY SORRY, SIR—JUST 'ELPED THE LAST OF IT AWAY, SIR!"



Our Artist

IS NOT IN THE BEST OF TEMPER. HE HAS BEEN DISTURBED OFTEN BY BARGES, AND BOTHERED BY THE BLUEBOTTLES, AND THEN HE'S ACCOSTED BY WHAT APPEARS TO HIM IN THIS IRRITABLE MOOD TO BE AN

Art-Critic (*dog*). "THE PICTURE LOOKS BETTER A GOODISH BIT OFF, GOV'NOR!"

Artist (*maudened*). "COX-FOUND—SO TO YOU, SIR!"

[*Party makes off hastily, "not liking the looks of him."*]



Hunting Idiot.

RETURNING FROM THE CHASE, PROPOSES TO "CHAFF THAT ARTIST FELLER"

Huntsman. "WHAT'LL YER TAKE ME FOR, GOV'NOR?"

Painter (*with'out the slightest hesitation*). "A EXOR!"



Boxing-Day

(Mrs. Bustleton's favourite Cabman has called for his usual Christmas-Eve in a state of — never mind.)

Mrs. B. "OH, SAWYER, I'M SURPRISED—I THOUGHT YOU SUCH A STEADY MAN! I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU GIVEN TO DRINK!"

Sawyer. "BEG Y' PAR'N MUM, NO S'H 'RING MUM (*hic*). DRINK 'ASH GI'M T' ME, MUM, 'H MOEN'S, MUM!"



An Old Offender.

Country Gentleman (*eyeing his Gardener suspiciously*). "DEAR, DEAR ME, JEFFRIES, THIS IS TOO BAD! AFTER WHAT I SAID TO YOU YESTERDAY, I DIDN'T THINK TO FIND YOU——"

Gardener. "YOU CAN'T SHAY—(*hic*)—I WASH DRUNK YESHT'DAY, SH——!"

Country Gentleman (*sternly*). "ARE YOU SOBER THIS MORNING, SIR!"

Gardener. "I'M—SH'LIGHLY SOBER, SHIR!!"



Irrevocable.

Customer (*for the Royal Wedding photograph*). "CAN'T I HAVE THE LADY ONLY? I DON'T SO MUCH WANT THE GENTLEMAN!!"

Young Person (*with decision*). "NO, SIR; WE CAN'T PART THEM, SIR, NOW!"



Mrs Jingleton Learning that Young M Skirlygy

(FROM WHOSE FAMILY SHE RECEIVED SUCH POLITENESS WHEN SHE WAS IN THE HIGHLANDS) WAS IN TOWN, AND HAVING HEARD SO MUCH OF HIS PLAYING, ASKS HIM TO ONE OF HER LITTLE PARTIES FOR CLASSICAL MUSIC, AND HOPES HE WILL 'OBLIGE' DURING THE EVENING.—HA! HA! SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIS INSTRUMENT WAS!



Arcadian Amenities.

Little Rustic (after a "game" struggle, evidently overawed). "OH, PLEASE, HELP US ALONG WITH THIS LIVEN UP TO MOTHER'S—"

Ambleswell (aghast). "EH! OH, RIDICULOUS—HOW CAN I!—LOOK HERE, I'VE GOT A BAG—HEAVY BAG—TO CARRY MYSELF—"

Little Rustic. "I'LL CARRY YOUR BAG, SIR." **Swell**. "EH—BUT TO GAIN TIME) WH—WHAT'S YOUR MOTHER'S ABSURD NAME!" [This did not help him much. There was no escape; and ultimately—but useless—a red over the him shouting serried.



A Big Fish.

Artful Dimsel (who has made a successful throw). "O, LORD FEUBIGGIN, HOWEVER SHALL I MANAGE—"

Lord Feubiggin (caught, too). "PRAY LET ME SHOW YOU! ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU PLAY YOUR FISH!" [We betray confidence for once. This Picture comes from a Letter sent by a newly-married Lady (now of title), to a particular Friend of hers, and is called a "Reminiscence of Scotland." Perhaps our Readers can guess at the Story—we cannot.]



The Pic-Nic

Playful Widow. "JUMP ME DOWN, MR. FIGGINS!"

(The gallant little Man did his best, but fell—in her estimation for ever!)

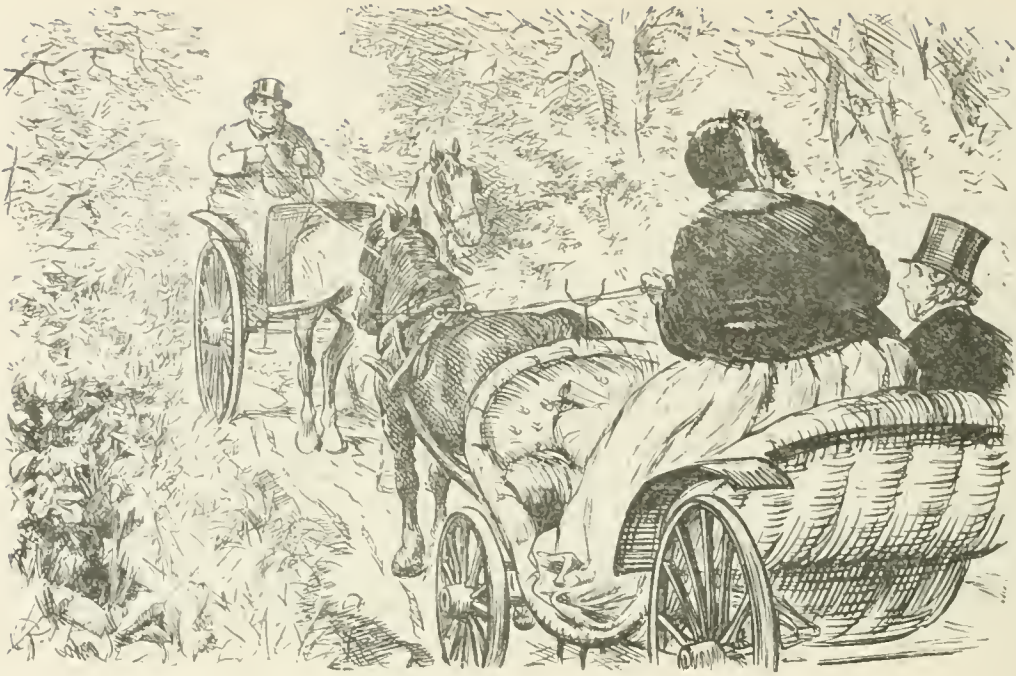


Artful—Very!

Mary. "DON'T KEEP A SCREUGIN' O' ME, JOHN!"

John. "WH'OI DEAN'T A SCREUGIN' ON YER!"

Mary (*ingenuously*). "WELL, Y' CAN I' Y' LIKE, JOHN"



"The Grey Mare!"

Mrs. B. "No, Brown, I will not have the pony forked! No! That person must have seen us come into the lane first, and if the man's a common politeness—"

Mr. B. "But, my dear lady, you only forked the—"

Mrs. B. "I did not fork, Brown! No! I won't go back, if I stay here till—"

Farmer "All right, Sir!—I'll fork, Sir! I've got just such another fork at home, Sir!"



How We Arrange Our Little Dinners

Mistress. "Oh, Cook, we shall want dinner for five this evening. What do you think, I said, the joint, or a roast beef, lobster, pates, and an entree—say, fish."

Cook. "Yes, M—FRESH OR AU STEAM?"

Mistress. "Let's see! It's only the Brown-Tanned will do."



Conclusive

Lodger. "I detect rather a disagreeable smell in the house, Mrs. Jones. Are you sure the drains—"

Welsh Landlady. "Oh, it can't be the drains, Sir, whatever. There are none, Sir!"



Our Manœuvres.

Captain of Skirmishers rushing in to save *Picket Scouts of the Enemy*. "Hullo! HE-AR! YOU SURRENDER TO THIS COMPANY!"
Opposition Lance-Corporal. "BIG PARDON, SIR! IT'S THE OTHER WAY, SIR. WE'RE A BRIGADE, SIR!!!"



"Our Reserves"—The Battle of Amesbury

Aide-do-Camp. "GOOD GRACIOUS, SIR! WHY DON'T YOU ORDER YOUR MEN TO LIE DOWN UNDER THIS HILL? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT BATTERY PLAYING RIGHT ON THEM?"

Colonel of Volunteers. "SO I DID, SIR. BUT THEY WON'T LIE DOWN. THEY SAY THEY WANT TO SEE THE REVIEW!"



A Little Failing.

Nervous Old Lady. "Now, CABMAN, YOU'RE SURE YOUR HORSE IS QUIET? WHAT'S HE LAYING BACK HIS EARS LIKE THAT FOR? LOOK!"

Cabby. "O THAT'S ONLY HER FEMININE CURIOSITY, MUM. SHE LIKES TO HEAR WHEELS SHE'S A GOIN' TO!"



The Connoisseurs.

Groom. "WHEN'S BELL DO YOU LIKE BEST—THIS 'ERE HOME-BREWED O' FISK'S, OR THAT THERE ALE THEY GIVES YER AT THE WHITE HORSE?"

Keeper (critically). "WELL, O' THE TOW I PREFERENCES THIS 'ERE. THAT THERE O' WIMWOOD'S DON'T FARE TO ME SO TASTE O' NAWTHIN' AT ALL. NOW THIS 'ERE BOW TASTE O' THE CASK!"



"Io Bacche!"

Jeames. "MORNIN', MR. JARVICE. WHAT'S THE NEWS?"

Mr. J. (the old Carshman). "WELL, I'VE 'EARD THE BEST BIT O' NEWS THIS MORNIN' AN I'VE 'EARD FOR MANY A DAY, FROM OUR BUTLER. HE TELL ME THE WIN'YARDS IS 'A COMIN' ROUND, AND THERE'S EVERY PROSPEC' OF OUR GETTIN' SOME MORE GOOD MADEIRY!"



A Veteran.

Civil Service Captain. "WILL—HE—AH—STAND POW-DAR?"

Dealer. "'POWDER?' WHY HE WAS ALL THROUGH THE BATTLE O' WATERLOO THAT CHARGER WAS!!"



"What's the Odds?"

Purchaser. "HE'S RATHER HEAVY ABOUT THE HEAD, ISN'T HE?"

Dealer (can't deny it). "WELL, SIR! (Happy thought.) BUT Y'SEE, SIR, HE'LL HEV TO CARRT IT HIMSELF!"



"There's Many a Slip" &c.

WAGGLES SAW A SLENDUR THE LEGEND TROUT FISHING IN A QUIET PLACE ON THE THAMES ONE EVENING LAST WEEK. DOWN HE COMES THE NEXT NIGHT, MAKING SURE OF HIM! BUT SOME OTHER PEOPLE HAD SEEN HIM TOO!



Lingua "East Anglia."

First Angler to Country Boy. "I SAY, MY LAD, I'VE GOT TO MY FRIEND ON THE BRIDGE THERE, AND SAY I'S OBLIGED BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM IF HE'D SEND ME SOME BAIT."

Country Boy to Slender Angler. "THE EASTERN COUNTRY FISHING. "TIRA THERE BE SARY HE WANT A WORM."



A Luxurious Habit

Philanthropist *(to Porter, in Porter's "Then what time do you get to bed?")*

Porter. "WELL, I SEIDN' WHAT YEE MAY CALL GETS TO BED MYSELF, 'CAUSE O' THE NIGHT TRAINS. B' I MY BROTHER, AS
USED TO WORK THE P'INTS FURTHER DOWN THE LINE, WENT TO BED LAST CHRISTMAS AFTER THE ACCIDENT, AND NEVER——"

[Train rushes in, and the Porters rush off.]



The Golden Age Restored.

Young Lady *(Thru the Passages, at West Richey Station.)* "WHAT'S GOING ON HERE TUDAY, PORTER? HAS THERE BEEN A FRIE?"
Porter *(astounded.)* "BEENS THIT, LASS! THERE'S NEA FREIGHTIN' SOO-A-DAYS; 'T'S AGIN' T' LG-AW'—N ABUT A FLOODE-SHOW!"



"No Accounting for Taste "

Materfamilias (just arrived at Strimprille—the Children had been down a Month before). "WELL, JANE, HAVE YOU FOUND IT DULL?"
Nurse. "IT WAS AT FUST, M'M. THERE WAS NO THINK TO IMPROVE THE MIND, M'M, TILL TEE NIGGERS COME DOWN!"



Sold Cheap.

Little Brown (to "Nigger Minstrel," who always addresses his listeners as "My Lord"). "AH, HOW DID YOU KNOW MY—AH—HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS A LORD?"
 [Sensation among the bystanders!]

Minstrel. "BLESS YER, MY LORD, I NEVER LOSE SIGHT O' MY SCHOOLFELLERS!"
 [Roars of laughter. Little B. caves in, and bolts!]



Selling Him a Pennyworth

Philanthropist. "THERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU, MY LAD. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?"

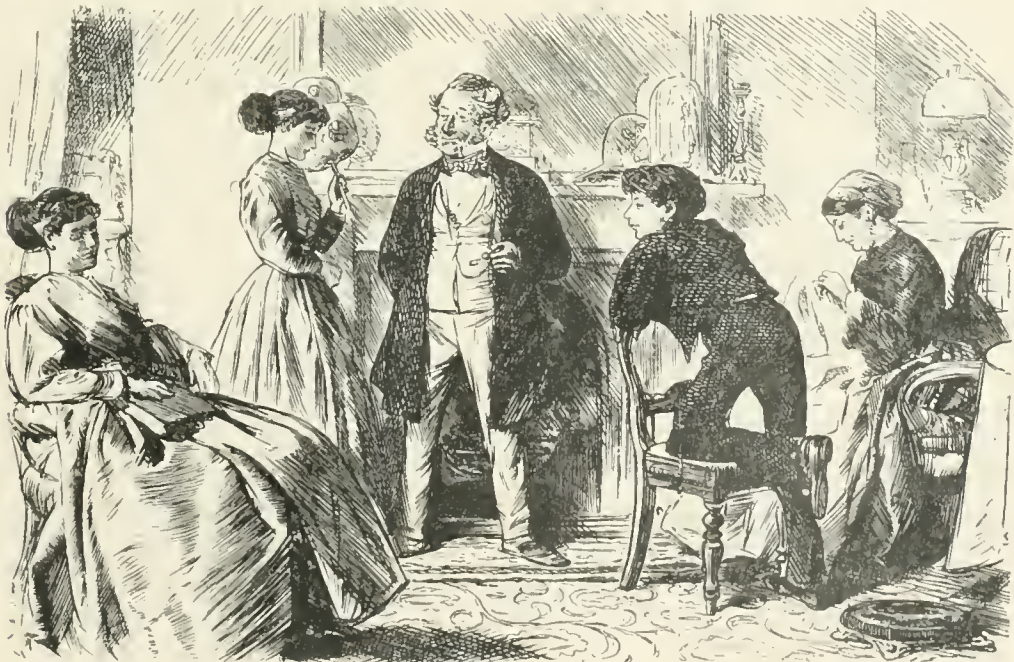
Sweeper. "WHAT ALL THIS AT ONCE! I'LL TOSS YER FOR IT, DOUBLE OR QUILTS!"



A Change for the Better

Greengrocer. "WANT A PENN'ORTH O' COALS, DO YER? YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO 'AVE A PENN'ORTH MUCH LONGER. THEY'RE A GOING UP. COALS IS COALS NOW, I CAN TELL YER!"

Boy. "AH, WELL, MOTHER'LL BE GLAD O' THAT, 'CAUSE SHE SAYS THE LAST COALS SHE HAD O' YOU WAS ALL SLATES!"



Colloquial Equivalents.

Papa. "NOW, MY DEAR GIRLS, YOUR BROTHER IS RECEIVING A MOST EXPENSIVE EDUCATION, AND I THINK THAT WHILE HE IS AT HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS YOU SHOULD TRY TO LEARN SOMETHING FROM HIM."

Emily. "SO WE DO, PA. WE'VE LEARN'T THAT A BOY WHO CRIES IS A 'BLUB,' THAT A BOY WHO WORKS HARD IS A 'SWOT'!"

Flora. "YES, AND THAT ANYBODY YOU DON'T LIKE IS A 'CAD,' AND WE KNOW THE MEANING OF 'GOSH,' 'PROB,' AND A 'WAX'!"



"The Meat Supply."

Bathing-Man. "YES, MUM, HE'S A GOOD OLD 'ORSE YET. AND HE'S BEEN IN THE SALT WATER SO LONG, HE'LL MAKE CAPITAL BILED BEEF WHEN WE'RE DONE WITH HIM!!!"



"Tracts."

First Navy. "T'EW MENDON ALY GAVE ME THIS BEE TRACK JUST NOW, BILL."

Second Navy. "AIN'T YEN HIM. WHAT BEEF I HE?"

First Navy. "LITTLE CHAP PREACHES ABOUT T'EEB SIN'S T'EN, I SHOULD GUESS!"



"A Ticket of Leave"

Swell (who won't be done). "H'YAES MY KYARD IF YOU'D—AH—LIKE TO SUMMON ME."

Cabby (who has pulled up a bit level the degate). "DON'T YOU TAKE IT, BILL. IT'S HIS TICKET O' LEAVE!"



A Pleasant Prospect.

Traveller (in Ireland), "Hi,—pull her up, man! Don't you see the Mare is running away?"

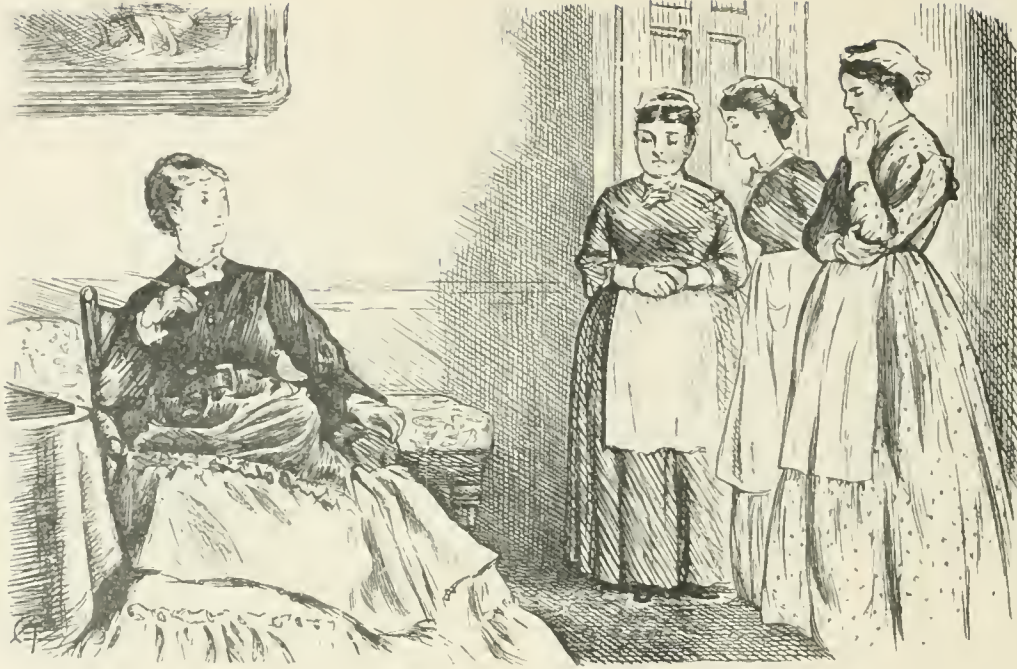
Paddy. "Hold tight, yer ONCE! For yer life DON'T TOUCH THE REINS! SEE THEY'RE AS BOTTEN AS PEAPS! I'LL TERN HER INTO THE RIVER AT THE BRIDGE BELOW HERE. SEE THAT'LL STOP HER, THE BLAGYARD!"



Reassuring

Traveller in Ireland (rheumatic, and very particular). "Now, I HOPE THE SHEETS ARE CLEAN!"

Kathleen (the Chambermaid). "CIASE, SOR? SHURE THEY'RE JUST DAMP FROM THE MANGLE, SOR!"



Woman's Rights.

Scotch Lady (who has taken a House in the Highlands, her Servants suddenly giving "warning"). "WHAT'S THE REASON OF THIS? HAVE YOU NOT ALL YOU WANT!—GOOD ROOMS, AND GOOD FRESH AIR AND FOOD, AND EASY WORK!"

Spokeswoman. "YES, MEN—BUT—BUT THERE'S NO A DECENT LAAD WITHIN CRY O' US!"



"Canny."

Sportsman. "THAT'S A TOUGH OLD FELLOW, JIMMY!"

Keeper. "AY, SIR, A BRAND LIEB TO SEND TO YOUR FRIENDS!"



Stern Pulpit Critics

First Scot. "TAT SORT O' MINISTER HAE YE GOTTEN, GEORDIE?"

Second Ditto. "OH, WELL, HE'S NO MUCKLE WORTH. WE SELDOM GET A GLINT O' HIM. SIX DAYS O' TH' WEEK HE'S ENVIABLE, AND ON THE SEVENTH HE'S INCOMPREHENSIBLE!"



The Commissariat.

Squire (*to new Butler*). "I HAVE THREE OR FOUR CLERGYMEN COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-MORROW, PRODGERS, AND——"

Mr. Prodgers. "IGH OR LOW, SIR?"

Squire. "WELL—I HARDLY—— BUT WHY DO YOU ASK, PRODGERS?"

Mr. Prodgers. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, THE 'IGH' DRINKS MOST WINE, AND THE 'LOW' EATS MOST VITTLES, AND I MUST PERWIDE ACCORDIN'!!"



Duty and Pleasure.

Rural Butler (*deferentially*). "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR 'COUNTRY QUALITY DOWN HERE, SIR?"

Town Gentleman ("in waiting" to Lord Marybone, who was visiting the Squire). "WELL, 'F COURSE, YOU SEE, SMITHARS, I DON'T MIND WAITIN' ON 'EM— BUT— 'CAN'T SAY I SHOULD CARE TO SIT DOWN WITH 'EM!!"



"Business!"

Bath-Chairman. "I S'POSE THE DUKE OF EDINBORO' AND HIS MISSIS WILL BE BY DIRECTLY!"

Policeman. "NO, THEY WON'T. THEY AIN'T IN TOWN."

Bath-Chairman. "AIN'T THEY?—I SAY, IF THAT OLD LADY IN MY CHAIR ASKS YOU, SAY 'YOU DON'T KNOW,' 'CAUSE SHE'S A WAITIN' TO SEE 'EM, AN' I'M ENGAGED BY THE HOUR!"



Sacrifice.

Good Templar. "TUT T-T REALLY, SWIZZLE, IT'S DISGRACEFUL TO SEE A MAN IN YOUR POSITION IN THIS STATE, AFTER THE EXPENSE WE'VE INCURRED AND THE EXERTIONS WE'VE USED TO PUT DOWN THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC!"

Swizzle. "Y' MAY PREASH AS MUCH AS Y' LIKE, GEN'L'M'S, BUT I CAN TELL Y' I'VE MADE MORE PERSH'NAL EFFOESH TO (hic) PURDOWN LIQUOR THAN ANY OF YE!"



Extenuating Circumstances.

Employer. "TUT T-T REALLY, SAUNDERS, I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU IN THIS WAY. I THOUGHT YOU'D TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF."

Saunders. "SHEE I AD, SHIR, BUT (hic) TSH ALL ALONG O' THESE PAST WAYS, GENTLES, I SHIRRED YOU, SHIR, SEE WASHINT DICK O' WALE (hic) OF SHIRRED IN ALL Y' (hic) TAY."



A Definition.

Shoeblack (speaking to Unsteady Party in the background). "TEA-TOTALLER ON 'THE STRIKE,' SEE!"



Mystification.

Our young Landscape Painter's Preparations are Regarded with Intense Interest by the Village Jockies, who earnestly expect a Gymnastic Entertainment—the frames an Imaginary Picture with his Hands.

Omnes. "HE'S A GOIN' TO SAY HIS PRAYERS FUST!"



Obliging.

Excursionist (to himself). "ELLO! 'ERE'S ONE O' THEM ARTISTS. 'DISDAY E'D WAS A GINE O' TIGER FOR A BACKGROUND. I'D TALK FOR 'EM!"



Our Theatricals.

Brown (*rehearsing his part as the "Vicomte de Chersac"*). "YAS, MARIE! I'VE FONDLY LOVED YE. (*Sobs dramatically*) 'TIS WEE! BUT NO MAT-TAR-R!"

Housemaid (*to Cook, outside the Door*). "LAUKS, 'LIZ'BETH, AIN'T MASTER A GIVIN' IT TO MISSIS!"



Flattering.

Housemaid (*to Cook, behind the laurels*). "HE'S A HAFEABLE YOUNG MAN, THAT CAP'AIN LIMBER, MISSUS'S BROTHER. HOW BECOMIN' HE'D LOOK IN OUR LIVERY, WOULDN'T HE?"



Comparisons.

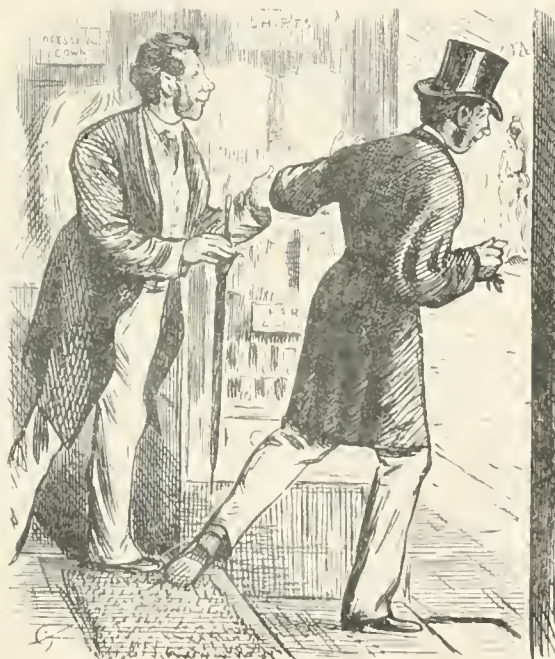
Barber. "AIR'S EXTRAORDINARY DEY, SIR. *Customer: plans he has been on the Country, and out o' doors a good deal.* AH! JUS' SO, SIR. REFINATION TO THE AIR, SIR! IF I WAS TO BE KNOCKIN' ABOUT 'UNTING AND FISHIN', LOR', SIR, MY 'AIR WOULDN'T BE IN NO BETTER STATE THAN ADLES, SIR!"



Delicately Put

Customer. "I'M AFRAID I'M GETTING A LITTLE BALD!"

Operator. "WELL, SIR, I THINK, SIR, WHEN YOU ATTEND PUBLIC WUSHIP, IF I WAS YOU, I'D SIT IN THE GALLERY."



A Rash Refusal.

Customer (*flying from Importunate Tradesman*). "NO, THANK YOU, NOTHING MORE, REALLY! NOT ANOTHER ARTICLE, THANK YOU! GOOD MORNING!"

[*Escapes—hut! hut! refusing his own Umbrella!*]



A Guilty Conscience.

Country Parson (to hard-bitten old Parson). "WHY, SURELY, MUGGRIDGE, YOU WERE DEFEATED LAST WEEK FROM THE COMMUNION ARMS?"

Muggridge. "COMMUNION ARMS, SIR! 'S TRUTH I STAND HERE, NAVER WAS INSIDE THE 'OUSE IN ALL MY LIFE, SIR. NO BLOOD ON IT, SIR!"



Equal to the Situation.

The Parson. "WELL, LIZZIE, YOUR MOTHER'S COME OUT OF PRISON, I HEAR. HOW IS SHE NOW?"

Lizzie. "O, THANKY, SIR, SHE'S EN' SOMUCH BETTER. SHE'VE HAD CAPITAL TIMES IN THERE. FATHER'S OUT O' WORK, AND RATHER POORELY, SO HE GOT TOOK UP LAST NIGHT!"



The Convalescent.

New Curate (to Betty). "MY GOOD MAN, WHAT STUFF DO YOU SEND FOR ME?"

Oldest Inhabitant. "WHAT DOES HE SAY, BETTY?"

Betty. "SAYS WHAT THE BLUTH DID YOU SEND FOR HIM, FOR!!"



Awkward!

Literal Servant Girl (*to her own mother*)—*"You are calling for the first time on the Duke."* "PLEASE, SIR, YOUR CARMAN SAY HE DON'T HAVE LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS HERE HATE CROWN YET! GIVE HIM!!"



"Suit Your Talk to Your Company"

Mrs. Clovermead. "AND, HAN, SOMETHING THE TEAF—*recollecting herself—her fashionable Cousin, from London, is on a Visit at the Farm*—WE SHALL WANT THE CARRIAGE TO DRIVE INTO THE TOWN AFTER LUNCH, DANIEL."

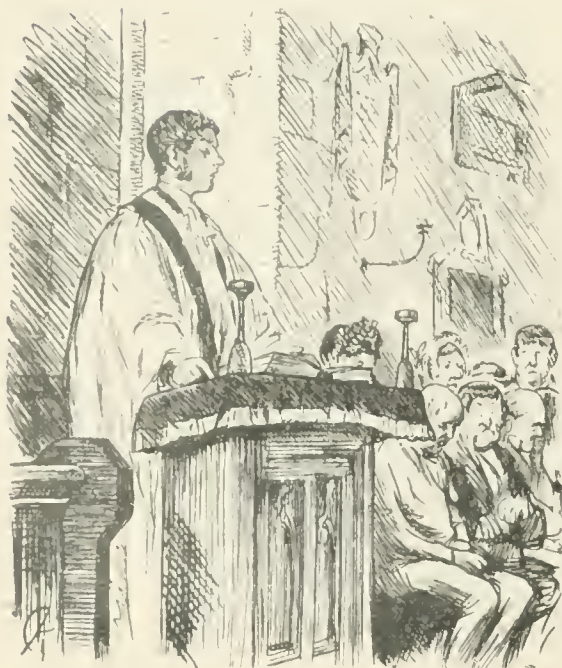
Daniel. "YES, MUM—*(A. substituting—he had said it the correction)*—BE I—in a faint whisper—BE I TO CHANGE MY TROWSE'S, MUM!"



Silly Suffolk (?) Pastorals. Reciprocity.

Parson. "I HAVE MISSED YOU FROM YOUR PEW OF LATE, MR. STUDDINGS."

Farmer (apologetically). "WELL, SIR, I HEY' BEFN TO MEET'N' LATELY. BUT—Y' SEE, SIR, THE REVEREND MR. SCOWLES O' THE CHAPEL, HE BOUGHT SOME PIGS O' ME, AND I THOUGHT I OUGHT TO GI' 'M A TARN!"



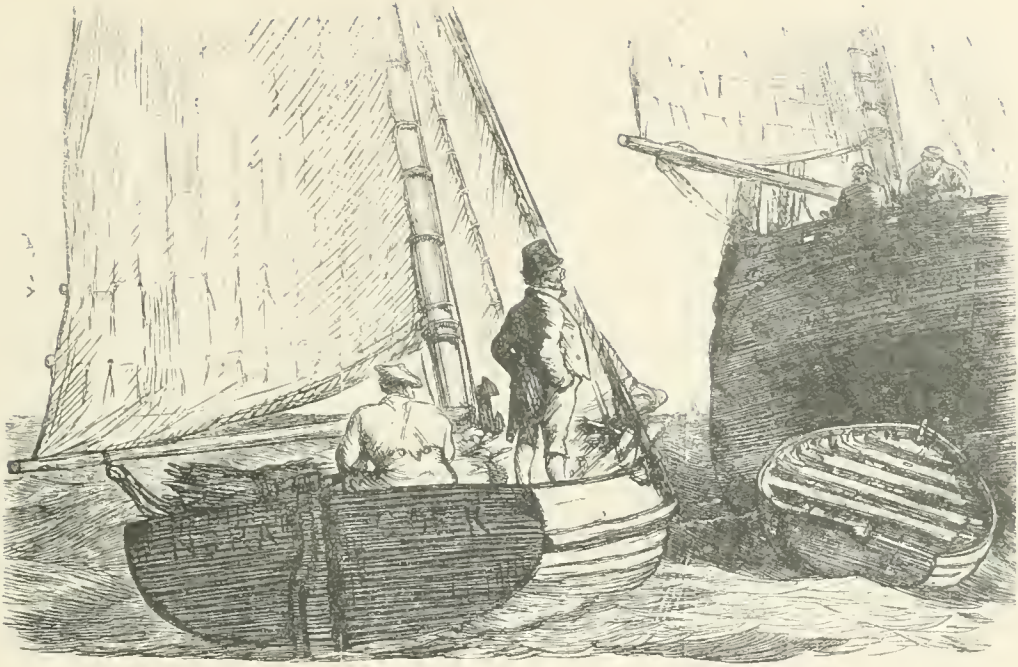
Lapsus Linguae

Our Athletic Curate (who, with the young men of his parish, had been victorious in a great match the day before; please forgive him this once, only.)
"HE-AR ENDETH THE FIRST INNINGS!"



The Archery Meeting

Curate (to Fair Stranger). "I PERCEIVE YOU ARE NOT A TOXOIHILITE!"
Fair Stranger (promptly). "OH DEAR NO! 'CHURCH OF ENGLAND,' I ASSURE YOU!"



Grandilquence

Captain of Schooner. "WHAT A YOU GOT THERE, PAT?"

Pat. *(who has been laying in some Firwood and Potatoes).* "TIMBER AND FRUIT, YER HONOUR!"



Levelling Up.

Sub. *(Just arrived by rail).* "HOW MUCH TO THE BARRACKS?"

Car-Driver. "AH, SHURE THIN, CAPTIN, THE MANEST OV 'EM GIVES ME T'REE AND SIXPENCE!"



Rural Simplicity

"HOW DOES HEE, LITTLE LASSIE?" "AY, SIR."
 "THANK A LOT, SIR. I'LL HAV TO BE JEEPIN'—BUT AWM GAIN TO SKULL I THE MORNIN'—WULL YE BE THIS WAY I THE EVENIN'?"



Catechism under Difficulties.

Free Kirk Elder (suspiciously to pastor) "A THO'—MY FRIEND, DO YOU KNOW THE CHIEF END OF MAN?"
 Piper "Nae, I DINNA MIND 'TIL CHURCH!" CAN YE NO WHIE-EE?"



In Vino Memoria

Major Portzoken (puffing cordial guest) "I SAY, BOGHANAN, THIS ISN'T—
 THE SAME—THE SAME, I CHAMPAGNE—!"
 Scotch Butler, "NA, THAT'S A' DUNE! THERE WAS THIRTY DIZZLE; AND
 YE'VE HAD ALE SHARP O'T' MAID!"



Mind and Matter.

Augustus (*poet*). "Look, Edith! How LOVELY ARE THOSE FLEE'Y CLOUDLETS DAPPLED OVER THE ---"
 Edith (*practical*). "YES. 'XACTLY LIKE GRAY WHEN IT'S GETTING COLD. ISS'N'T IT?"!!



Perspective!"

IN CRITICISING AND CORRECTING HIS PRETTY COUSIN'S PERSPECTIVE, OF COURSE FELDERER'S FACT MUST BE AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE
 IN THE SAME PLACE AS HEES!—TABLEAU!—PA (IN THE BACKGROUND) IS EVIDENTLY MAKING UP HIS MIND TO SEE
 ABOUT THIS! *Note: Felderer hasn't a pop!*



Those Dreadful Boys'

Algernon. "AND, DEAREST, IF THE DEVILION OF A LIFE—
*At 9's o'clock his hat is knocked over his eyes by a common Star-
 fish, or Five-fingers (Asterias rubens), the worst, and is torn off, and thrown, by one of those high-spirited
 little fellows her younger brothers, Tommy and Bertie!!*



Profanation.

Gent. "I LEFT A LOCK OF HAIR HERE A FEW DAYS AGO TO BE FITTED IN A LOCKET, IS IT—AH—READY?"

Artist. "VERY SORRY, SIR, IT HAS BEEN MISLAID. BUT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, SIR—WE CAN EASILY GET IT MATCHED, SIR."!!



"Turn About."

George. "I SAY, TOM, DO TAKE CARE! YOU NEARLY SHOT MY FATHER THEN!"

Tom. "'SH! DON'T SAY ANYTHING, THERE'S A GOOD FELLOW! TAKE A SHOT AT MINE!!"



Making Things Pleasant

Irishman (to English Sportsman). "IS IT THROUTS! BE JADERS, THE WATTHEY'S STIFF WID 'EM!!!"

[*"Regardless of strict truth, in his love of hyperbole and generous desire to please," as our Friend recorded in his Diary after a blank day.*]



Angling Extraordinary

Customer (in a great hurry). "A SMALL BOX OF GENTLES, PLEASE. AND LOOK SHARP! I WANT TO CATCH A 'BUS'!!"



"Happy Thought."

Mistress (who had come down to see about the Bass Voice she had heard in the Kitchen—Guardian discovered). "O, YOU DECEITFUL GIRL, TO SAY THERE WAS NOBODY HERE! AND AFTER I'D GIVEN YOU DISTINCTION TO UNDERSTAND I DIDN'T ALLOW 'FOLLOWERS'; AND HERE, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HERE A WEEK——"

Cook. "LAUCKS, M'M, IT MUST BE ONE O' THE FOLLERERS AS THE LAST COOK LEFT BE'IND 'ER!"



Romance of the Kitchen

Cook (from the *Arch*). "O, 'LIZA, GI' ME MY WINGGRETTE—I'VE 'AD A—
OFFER—FR' M THE DUSTMAN!"



"Compliments of the Season."

Comely Housemaid. "O, MR. JAMES, I'M SO FRIGHTENED IN THE RAILWAY! SUPPOSE THE BRIDE WAS TO RUN!"

Mr. James. "THEN, MY DEAR, YOU'D BE A SINGIN' AMONG THE ANGELS IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES!"



"Ready!"

Emily. "WHAT'S CAPITAL PUNISHMENT, MAMMA?"

Master Harry. "WHY, BEING LOCKED UP IN THE PANTRY! I SHOULD CONSIDER IT SO."



Dear, Dear Boy!

George. "OH! SHOULDN'T I JUST LIKE TO SEE SOMEBODY IN THAT DEN, AUNT?"

Serious Aunt. "YE-ES. DANIEL, I SUPPOSE, DEAR?"

George. "OH NO, AUNT; I MEAN 'OLD TWIG-EE,' OUR HEAD-MASTER!!"

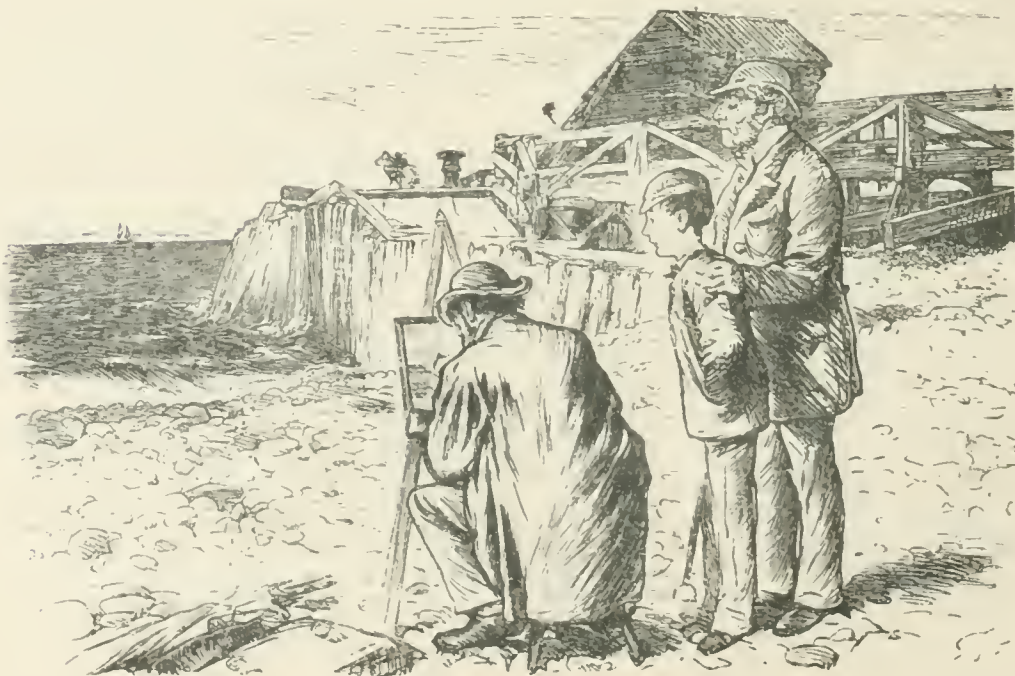


"Brother Brush"

Ship Painter. "NICE DEYIN' WEATHER FOR OUR BUSINESS, AIN'T IT, SIR?"

Amateur (discouraged). "Y-A-A-S!" —

[Takes a dislike to the job]



The Compliments of the (Sketching) Season"

Papa. "THREE, HONEY! IF YOU COULD DO LIKE THAT, I'D HAVE YOU TAUGHT DRAWING, MY BOY!"



A Pleasant Prospect.

English Tourist. "I SAY, LOOK HERE. HOW FAR IS IT TO THIS GLENSTARVIT? THEY TOLD US IT WAS ONLY——"

Native. "ABOUT FOUR MILES."

Tourist (*aghast*). "ALL BOG LIKE THIS?"

Native. "EH—H—THIS IS JUST NAETHIN' TILLT!!"



Compliments of the Season.

Squire (*who interests himself with the Moral and Material Condition of his Pauntry*). "HULLO, WOODRUFF! WHAT AN EYE YOU'VE GOT! HOW DID YOU GET THAT?!"

Labourer. "O, IT'S NAWTHIN' PARTIC'LAR, SIR. LAST NIGHT—AT THE WHITE 'ART, SIR. BUT—(*in exultation*)—CHRISTMASH TIME, SIR—ONLY ONCE A YEAR!"



Two Sides to a Question.

Squire. "YOUR NAME SMITH?"

Smith. "YESSIR."

Squire. "AH, I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE THE MAN WHO GIVES SO MUCH TROUBLE TO MY KEEPERS!"

Smith. "AN YER PARDON, SQUIRE, YOUR KEEPERS IS MUCH MORE TROUBLE TO ME!"



Suspicion

Stout Visitor (on discovering that, during his usual Nap after Luncheon, he has been subjected to a grossly personal Practical Joke). "It's one o' those DASHED ARTISTS THAT ARE STAYING AT THE 'LORD NELSON' 'A' DONE THIS, I KNOW!"



Depression

SCENE—THE Exchange, London.
First Commercial Man (dully). "MALIN."
Second ditto. "MEENIN."
First C. M. "OWE?"
Second ditto. "NOR."
First C. M. "MOON."
Second ditto. "MORRIS."



Reductio ad Absurdum

Stout Party (the first time he went for his Dividends since his Aunt left him that Legacy). "WHERE DO YOU GO FOR THESE DIVIDEND WARRANTS?"
Bank Beadle. "WHAT STOCK, SIR?"
Stout Party. "WELL, THREE PER CENT. SOMETHING"—(He went stuck in his throat).
Bank Beadle. "Ah"—gives him the Information, and says to the crowd for him.—"REDUCED, SIR!" [Stout Party sighs, and exits.]



"The More Haste the Less Speed."

Intelligent Peasant (who has been overlooking our Artists with much interest). "YAR MATE'S A STAININ' O' HIS'N A'READY, SIR!"



The Point of View

Tomkins (he has heard his friend Stodge talk so much about that lovely spot. He'll look, & if it is a good one, he'll sketch it, & then he'll be invited to accompany him). "A day has elapsed, and he is awaking to the horror of his situation!" "STEMS TO ME AN ISLE— I CALL IT RATHER A DUTY PLACE!"

Stodge. "DELL, MY DEAR FELLOW! HOW CAN YOU SAY SO? LOOK AT THIS BEAUTIFUL, BREEZY COMMON! AND THE LINES OF THOSE OLD HOUSES ON THE BEACH, BREAKING THE HORIZON, AND THE COLOUR! AND THE JOELY QUILT OF THE PLAGE! NONE O' YOUR BEASTLY BARRIL-ORGANS OR GAPING TOURISTS SWARMING ABOUT! I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT!"



"Lucus a Non"&c

Visitor: "How I... HAS YOUR MASTER ELEN AWAY?"
 Irish Footman: "WELL, SORR, IF HE'D COME HOME YESTERDAY, HE'D A' BEEN GONE A WALK TO MEET HIMSELF, BUT AS HE DOESN'T RETURN THE DAY AFTER, DULL HE'LL A' BEEN AWAY A FOREVER ON NEXT THURSDAY!"



Hyperbole

Saxon Sportsman: "ANY SNIDE ABOUT HERE, MY MAN?"
 Pat: "SNIDES, IS IT?! FAIX, THEY'RE GENERALLY JOSTLIN' EACH OTHER HEREABOUTS!"



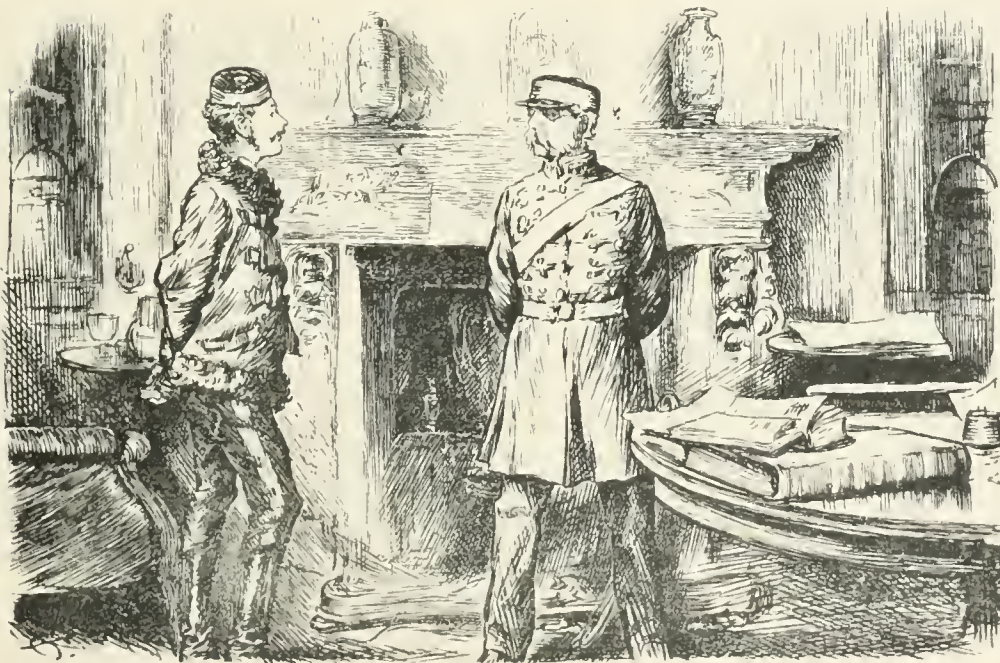
Real Irish Grievance.

Irish Model: "THE BLESSED SAINTS DIRECT ME INTO THIS COAT, SOR!"



Our Inspection.

Lieutenant-Colonel. "Hullo! Confound it! There's a man blowing his nose - and with a *Forke* handkerchief, too! Tut-t-t-t!"



Hunting Appointments."

Scientific Colonel. "Are you going to the 'Kriegsberg' to-morrow?"

Cavalry Sub. (*Hunting Man*). "Augh! Think not, Sir. Augh! Meet the art, do they. Never heard of the place! Where on earth is it?"



Encouraging!

Riding-Master "Sb. I'm sorry to hear of the new Mounted Batteries. "Well, Sir! You're all 'OP A HEAD' ON THE HORSE'S NECK—YOU'VE LOST YOUR SWORD AND YOUR FORAGE-CAP, AND YOU'VE LOST YOUR STIRRUPS—AND—YOU'LL LOSE YOURSELF NEXT!"



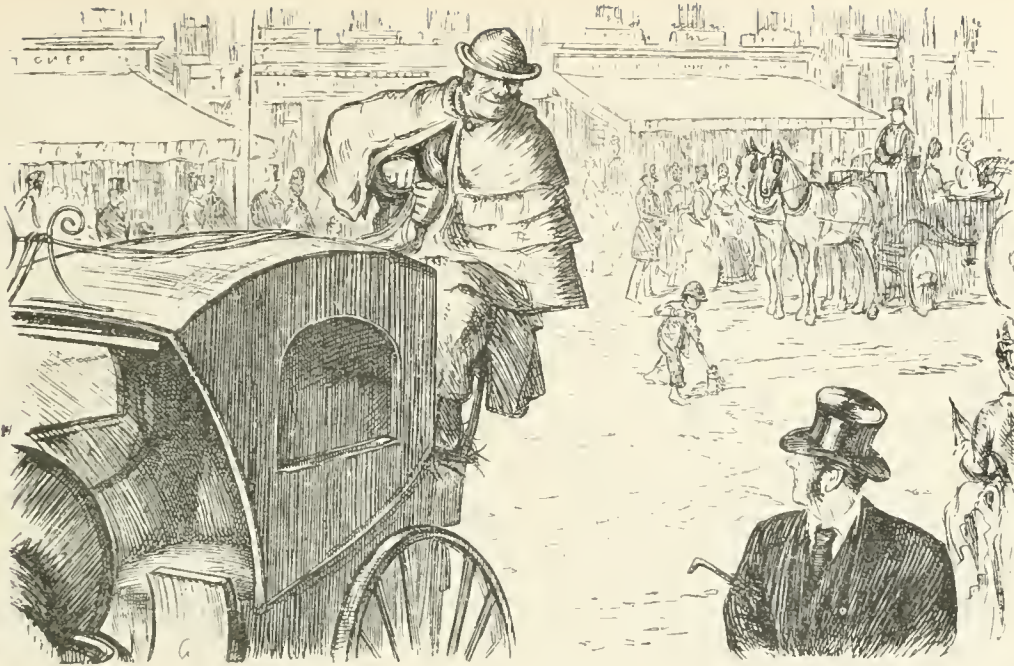
"It's an Ill Wind"&c.

Sporting Sub. "I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE MY LEAVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE." **Colonel**, FOR I'VE JUST HEARD MY FATHER'S HAD A BAD FALL OUT HUNTING. **Colonel.** "DEAR ME! I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT! I HOPE HE'S NOT HURT!" **Sporting Sub.** "OH, IT ISN'T THAT—ONLY I WANT TO HAVE HIS HORSE!"



Particular!

Adjutant of Volunteers *(to Recruit)*. "WELL, SIR, AND WHAT COMPANY DO YOU WISH TO BE IN?" **Recruit.** "AUGH! I'VE BEEN—AH—USED TO THE COMPANY OF—AH—GETTLEMEN, SIR!"



The Last Word

Cabby (to stately Party, who has given him his legal Far). "MAKIN' YER FORTUNE, SIR, NO DOUBT!"

Swell (not exactly catching the Remark). "EH?"

Cabby. "YOU'RE A LAVIN' BY A GOOD BIT O' MONEY, SIR, I'LL BE BOUND!"

Swell (indignantly). "WHAT D'YOU MEAN, SIR?"

Cabby. "WHY YOU DON'T SPEND MUCH, SEEMIN' IT!"

[Drives off in triumph.]



A Dilemma

Cabby. "ERE'S A GO, PLICEMAN! WHAT AM I TO DO?—I VOS ORIFRED TO TAKE THESE 'ERE GENTS AS 'A BEEN A DININ' YOU SEE, TO THEIR 'SPECTABLE 'OMES, YUN VOS FOR 'ANOVER SQUARE, ANOTHER FOR THE HALBANV, AN' THE 'OTHERS ELSEVEETS—YELL, THEY VOS ALL CAREFULLY SORTED VEN I STARTED, AN' NOW THEY 'VE FLEN AN' GONE AN' MIXED THEIRSELVES UP, AN' I DON'T KNOW VICH IS VICH!!!"



Too True!

Mamma. "MY DEAR CHILD, WERE IT'S YOU GET THAT DREAFFUL SCRATCH ON YOUR ARM?"

Little Ada. "OH, MA, IT WAS FISHIE'S BIG BLESS BROTHER WITH THE GREEN GLASS IN IT, THAT THE TAIL SPOILER GAVE HIM."



"Once for All."

Mistress. "BY THE WAY—ANNA—HANNAH—I'M NOT SURE IS YOUR NAME 'ANNA' OR 'HANNAH'?"

New Cook (bawdy). "WHICH MY NAME IS ANNA, MUCH, TAYLOR, HA, HES, HEN, HA, HADDER,—ANNA!"

Mistress (going it up in de part). "AH! THANK Y'U."



Up and Down Stairs

Young Mistress at the Parlour Door. "EVEN, WHAT IS THAT BELL RINGING FOR SO VIOLENTLY?"

Cook (bawdy). "IT'S ONLY ME, M'UM. I WANT YOU DOWN IN THE KITCHEN A MINUTE!"



Terms—Cash."

Lady Bountiful. "HERE, MY GOOD MAN, HERE'S A TICKET FOR THE ORGANISING CHARITABLE RELIEF AND REPRESENTING MENDE—"

Professional Beggar (with a son). "O, THANKY FOR NETHINK, MUM, HURS IS A READY MONEY BUSINESS!"



Gratitude

Fastidious Vagrant. "AND THEY AIN'T 'AUF BUTTERED! I COULD 'A DONE AS WELL IF I'D GONE UP THE LANE TO THE 'UNION!"



Music of the Future. Sensation Opera.

Manager (to his *Primo Tenore*, triumphantly). "MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE BROUGHT YOU THE SCORE OF THE NEW OPERA. WE'VE ARRANGED SI'U'H A SCENA FOR YOU IN THE THIRD ACT! O' BOARD OF THE PIRATE SCREW, AFTER THE KEELHAULING SCENE, YOU KNOW! HEAVY ROLLING SEA, EH?—YES, AND WE CAN HAVE SOME REAL SPRAY PUMPED ON TO YOU FROM THE FIRE-ENGINE! VOLUMES OF SMOKE FROM THE FUNNEL, CLOSE BEHIND YOUR HEAD—IN FACT, YOU'LL BE ENVELOPED AS YOU RUSH ON TO THE BRIDGE! AND THEN YOU'LL SING THAT LOVELY BARCAROLLE THROUGH THE SPEAKING-TRUMPET! AND MIND YOU HOLD TIGHT, AS THE SHIP BLOWS UP JUST AS YOU COME UPON YOUR HIGH D IN THE LAST BAR!!!"



Club Law.

Waiter. "DID YOU RING, SIR?"

Member (trying to be calm). "YES. WILL YOU WAKE THIS GENTLEMAN, AND SAY I SHOULD BE OBLIGED IF HE'D LET ME HAVE THE SPECTATOR, IF HE'S NOT READING IT."

(Old Wackl-thurpe has been asleep, with the Paper firmly clutched, for the last two hours.)



"'High' Life Below Stairs!"

Master (sniffing). "THERE'S A MOST EXTRAORDINARY SMELL, JAMES. I'VE NOTICED IT SEVERAL—"

Hall Porter. "I DON'T WONDER AT IT, SIR. I'VE SPOKE ABOUT IT DOWN-STAIRS. THE BUTLER, SIR, YOU SEE IS 'JOH CHURCH,' WHICH HE 'AS FIT UP A HOBATORY IN THE PANTRY, AND BURNS HINCENSE. WE COULD STAND THAT; BUT THE COOK IS THE 'LOW CHURCH' PEESEASON, AND SHE BURNS BROWN PAPER TO HOBVIALE THE HINCENSE. IT'S TEEPERLY HAWFUL ON SAINTS' DAYS, SIR!!!"



Wages and Wives.

Philanthropic Farmer. "WELL, TOMKINS, AFTER THIS WEEK, INSTEAD OF PAYING YOU PARTLY IN CIDER, I SHALL GIVE YOU TWO SHILLINGS EXTRA WAGES."

Tomkins. "NO, THANKY, MASTER; THAT WON'T DO FOR ME!"

Farmer. "WHY, MAN, YOU'LL BE THE GAINER; FOR THE CIDER YOU HAD WASN'T WORTH TWO SHILLINGS!"

Tomkins. "AII, BUT YOU SEE I DEINKS THE CIDER MYSELF; BUT THE OW'D WOMAN 'LL 'EV THE TWO SHILLUN'!!"



Pursuit o' Knowledge!

First Agricultural (*quite a Year after our Branch had been Opened*). "WHAT BE THEY POST-IS YUR, MAS'R SAM'L?"

Second Ditto (*Way of the Village*). "WHY, TO CARRY THE TELEGRAPH WOIRES, GEORGE!"

First Ditto. "WHAT BE THE WOIRES YUR, THEN?"

Second Ditto. "WHAT BE THE WOIRES FUR? WHY, TO HOOLD UP THE POST-E'S, SART'N'Y, GEORGE."!!!



A Nice Prospect!

Traveller (*benighted in the Black Country*). "NOT A BEDROOM DISENGAGED! TUT-T-T!"

Landlady (*who is evidently in the Coal Business as well*). "OH, WE'LL ACCOMMODATE YOU SOMEHOW, SIR, IF ME AND MY 'USBAND GIVES YOU UP OUR OWN BED, SIR!"



Boon Companions'

Bargee. "WHAT! GE-ARGE!" [Rustie grins in response.]
 Bargee. "I'M ALLYS MAIN GLAD TO SEE THEE, GE-ARGE!"
 Rustie. "WHOV?"
 Bargee. "'CAUSE I KNOW THERE MUST BE A PUBLIC-HOUSE CLOSE BY!"



Bereaved.

First Pitman. "THOU HESSENT BEEN AT THE TOWN LATELY, GEORDIE. HOO'S THAT, MAN?"
 Second Pitman. "THOU KNOWS THE DOG'S DEED, AND AW KENNET GETTEN ANOTHER; AN' A CHAP LEUKS SA FOND WIVOUT A DOG!"



Geology.

Scientific Pedestrian. "DO YOU FIND ANY FOSSILS HHERE?"
 Excavator. "DE SHO WHAT YOU CALLS 'FOSSILS.' WE FINDS NOWT HHERE BUT MUCK AND 'ARD WORK!"



The Morning Concert.

Swell (doesn't care for Music himself). MY DEAR, IS THIS—AH—
—TE-DIUM OVER?!!



A Cool Card.

Swell handing a "Spill the Lid" Card to Pat. "AW—WOULD YOU—AW—
DO ME THE FAVOR TO WIND THE LIST OF THE WAGES TO ME WHILE WE'RE
WINNING DOWN—I'VE—AW—FORGOTTEN MY EYE-GLASS. DON'T MIND WAISING
YOUR VOICE—I'M PWEEDIOUS DEAF!"



"Relapse."

Squire. "WHY, PAT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING, STANDING BY THE WALL OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TELE-
TOTALLER!"

Pat. "YES, YER HONNOR. I'M JUST LISTENIN' TO THEM IMPENITENT BOYS DRINKING INSIDE!"



"In Confidence."

Hungry Customer. "TAINT BAD."

Chef. "GLAD YU' LIKE IT; FOR, I TELL YU, THE TRUTH, ALTHOUGH I VEPEN A MAKIN' O' THIS SOUP FOR FIFTEEN YEAP, I AIN'T NEVER TASTED IT MYSELF."



"The Struggle for Existence."

Darwinian Coster (to the *Housewife*). "WELL, FISH IS DEAR, MUM; YOU SEE IT'S A-GETTIN' WELY SCARE IN CONSEQUENCE O' THESE 'REE AQUARIUS'!"



A Satisfactory Character.

Mrs. Brisket (to the *Man*). "OH, YES, MUM, SHE COME IN YER YESTERDAY, MUM. BLESS YEE! A PERFECT LADY, MUM. DON'T KNOW ONE FINT O' MEAT FROM ANOTHER, MUM!"



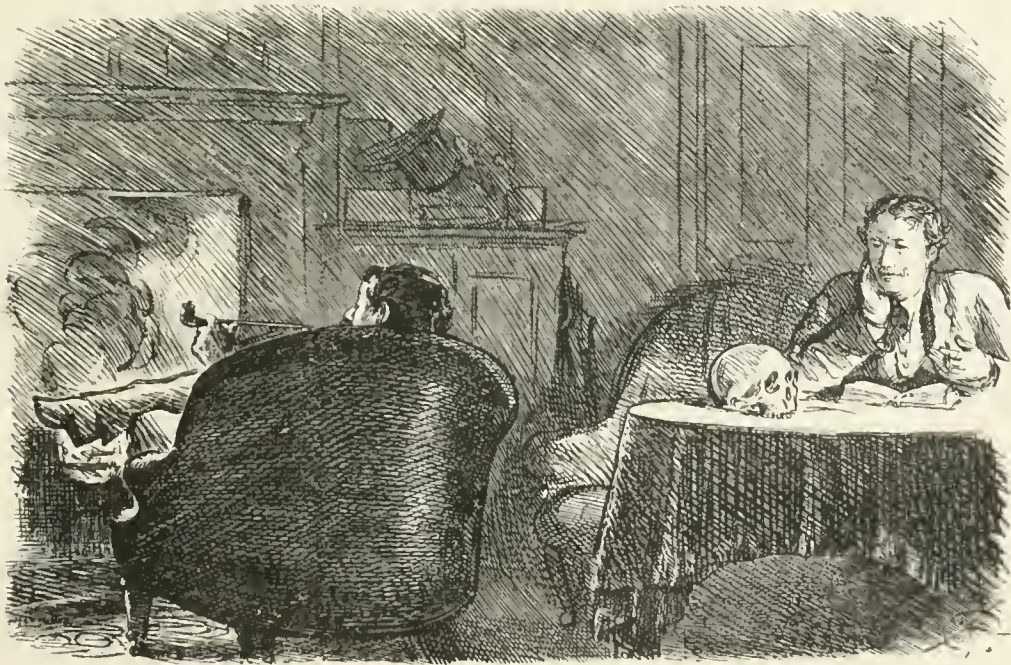
Hard Up on a Wet Day.

Richard. "WHAT ARE YOU RINGING FOR, BOB?"

Robert. "THE BEEF!"

Richard. "YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO EAT BEEF AGAIN, BOB, ARE YOU? WHY IT ISN'T HALF-AN-HOUR SINCE BREAKFAST!"

Robert. "WELL, I'M NOT EXACTLY HUNGRY, BUT ONE MUST DO SOMETHING!"



Incombinable Elements.

First Medical Student. "WHAT ARE YOU SIGHING FOR, JACK?"

Second Ditto. "UGH! I WAS THINKING OF THAT INFERNAL CHEMISTRY CREAM TO-MORROW, AND WHAT A DEUCED PRETTY GIRL I SAW IN GOWER STREET JUST NOW!!"



"The Conscience Clause"

Rector's Wife. "AND what's your FATHER, my BOY?"

Boy "MY FATHER'S A 'HAGGADJOR,' AN' HE SAYS HE WONT HAVE ME LEARN NO CATECHISM, 'R ELSE YOU'LL ALL OF VER FAR OV IT!"



Education.

Squire. "HOBSON, THEY TELL ME YOU'VE TAKEN YOUR BOY AWAY FROM THE NATIONAL SCHOOL. WHAT'S THAT FOR?"

Villager. "CAUSE THE MASTER AIN'T FIT TO TEACH US!"

Squire. "O, I'VE HEARD HE'S A VERY GOOD MASTER."

Villager. "WELL, ALL I KNOWS IS, HE WANTED TO TEACH MY BOY TO SPELL 'TATERS' WITH A 'P'!"



"Exempli Gratia."

Ancient Mariner (to credulous Yachtsman). "A'MIRAL LORD NELSON! BLESS YER, I KNOWED HIM; SERVED UNDER HIM. MANY'S THE TIME I'VE ASKED HIM FOR A BIT O' 'BACCO, AS I MIGHT BE A ASTIN' O' YOU; AND SAYS HE, 'WELL, I 'AINT GOT NO 'BACCO,' JEST AS YOU MIGHT SAY TO ME; 'BUT HERE'S A SHILLIN' FOR YER,' SAYS HE"!!



Dignity.

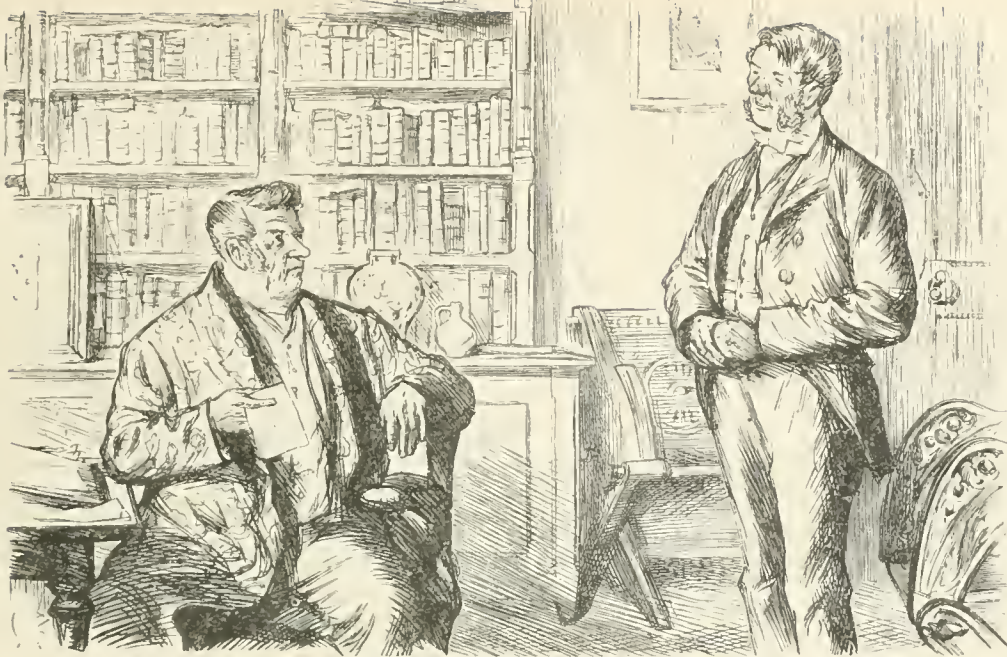
Shipping Clerk. "ARE YOU THE MATE O' THE 'MAGGIE LAUDER,' OF STONE-HAVEN?"

Mate *sternly*. "ASK IF I'M THE FIER-R-EST OFFICER, YOUNG MAN, AN' MAYBE I'LL GIE YE AN ANSWER!"



A Woman-Hater

Spiteful Old Party (who is waving the Stays of the Flagstaff). "STRIPED GOWNDS SEEM ALL THE 'GO' WITH 'EM, EH?' (Chuckles.) I'LL STRIKE 'EM! PUT A EXTRA STREAK O' IT IN, O' PURPOSE—WON'T DRY FOR A MONTH! COME LOLLUPIN' ABOUT HERE WITH THEIR CHIN'LYNES AN' TR'INES, THEY MUST TAKE THE CONSERVENSES '!"



When You are About it.

Magister Familias (parting with his Butler). "HERE IS THE LITTER, FLANAGAN. I CAN CONSCIENTIOUSLY SAY YOU ARE HONEST AND ATTENTIVE, BUT I SHOULD HAVE TO STRETCH A POINT IF I WERE TO SAY YOU ARE SOBER."

Mr. Flanagan. "THANK YOU, SIR. BUT WHEN YOU ARE ~~ANOTHER~~ STRETCHIN' A POINT, SIR, WOULDN'T YOU, PLEASE, STRETCH IT A LITTLE FURTHER, AND SAY I'M AFTEN SOBER!!"



Sympathy.

Epicurus. "PAH! O, GOOD GRACIOUS, MIVINS, THAT LAST OYSTER WAS UGH!"

Butler (with feeling). "T-T-T-DEAR ME! CORRED, SIR?!"



The Run of the House

First Flunkey. "WENT YOU COME IN, JOHN, AND TAKE SOMETHING?"

Second Ditto. "THANKS, NO; I'LL LOOK YOU UP NEXT WEEK. BE ON BOARD-WAGES THEN, YOU KNOW."



"What Next?"

Mistress to N. Housemaid. "JANE, I'M QUITE SURPRISED TO HEAR YOU CAN'T READ OR WRITE! I'M SURE ONE OF MY DAUGHTERS WOULD GLADLY UNDERTAKE TO TEACH YOU——"

Maid. "O, LOE, MAM, IF THE YOUNG LADIES WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO LEARN ME ANYTHING, I SHOULD SO LIKE TO PLAY THE PIANNO!"

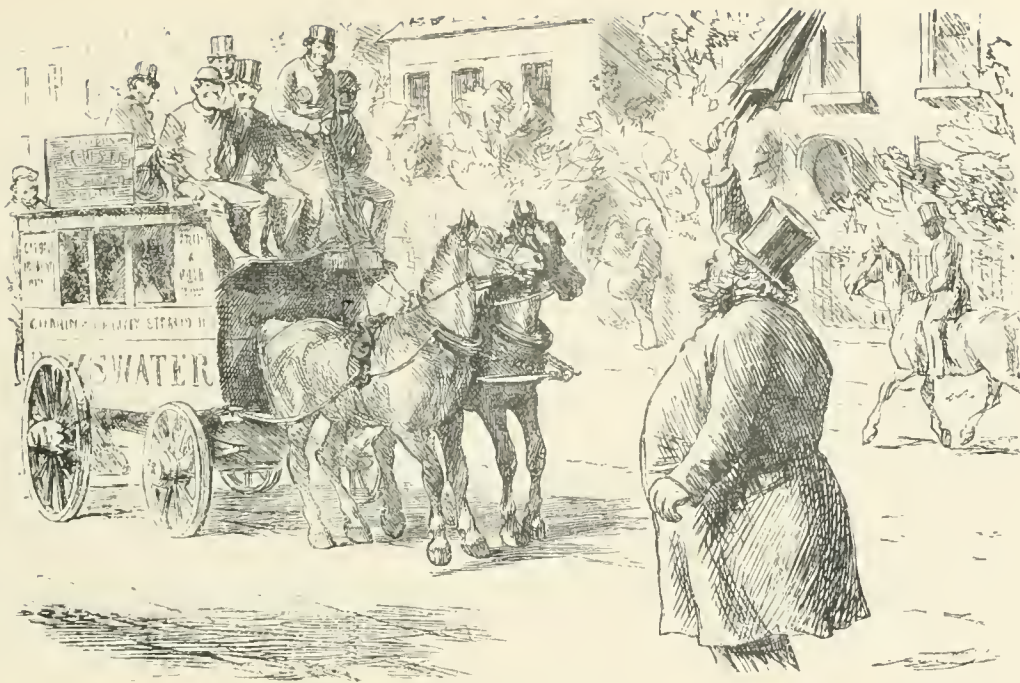


"The Servants."

Cook. "YEN, SUSAN, I'M A WHITTIN' TO MARY HANN MIGGS. SHE'VE APPLIED TO ME FOR THE CHARACTER OF MY LAST MISSUS, WHICH SHE'S THINKIN' OF TAKIN' THE SITUATION——"

Susan. "WILL YOU GIVE HER ONE?"

Cook. "WELL, I'VE SAID THIS. *Reads.* 'MRS. PERKSITS PRESENTS HER COMPLIMENTS TO MISS MIGGS, AND BEGS TO INFORM HER THAT I CONSIDER MRS. BROWN A RESPECTABLE YOUNG PERSON, AND ONE AS KNOWS HER DOOTIES; BUT SHE CAN'T CONSENSUALLY RECOMMEND HER TEMPER, WHICH I HAD TO PART WITH HER ON THAT ACCOUNT.' IT'S ALLUS BEST TO BE CANDIED, YOU KNOW, SUSAN!"



Quite Superfluous

Stout Passenger (*shamelessly*). "Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!"

Bus Driver. "ALL RIGHT, SIR, WE CAN SEE YEE, SIR; WE CAN SEE YER WITH THE NAKED EYE, SIR!"



"Noblesse Oblige."

Stodge (*in answer to the reproachful look of his Colman*). "WELL, IT'S YOUR RIGHT FARE; YOU KNOW THAT AS WELL AS I DO!"

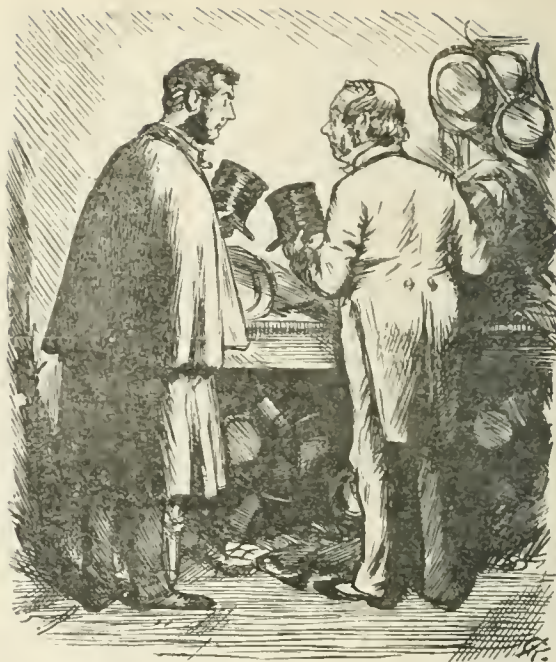
Cabby. "OH! WHICH I'M WELL AWARE O' THAT, SIR! BUT—("more in sorrow than in anger")—AN' YOU A ARTIS', SIR!"

[*Gets another Shilling!*]



The Beard Movement.

Policeman (invidiously). "IT'S PERFECTLY HORTONAL WITH US, YOU KNOW."
 ("The Hairs them P'licemen give themselves," John remarked afterwards,
 in the Servants' Hall.



Too Late.

Departing guest. "BUT MY HAT WAS A BRAN-NEW ONE!"
Greengrocer (Footman for the nonce). "OH, SIR! THE SECOND-BEST 'ATS A'
 BEEN GONE 'ALF-AN-HOUR AGO, SIR!"



Music in the Midlands.

Intelligent Youth of Country Town. "AH SAY, BILL, ULL THAT BE T' ELIJAH GOIN' OOF I THAT BIG BOX?"



' A Perfect Excuse.

Rector (to his Keeper). "MORNING, WOODGATE. DIDN'T I SEE YOU AT CHURCH YESTERDAY?"
Keeper (apologetically). "YES, SIR. BUT—I FELT I WAS A DOIN' WRONG ALL THE TIME, SIR!"



"Fahrenheit."

Rector. "AH, WE SHALL BE COMFORTABLE THIS MORNING, GRUFFLES, I SEE YOU'VE GOT THE TEMPERATURE UP NICKLY. SIXTY, I DECLARE!"

Clerk. "YES, SIR, I ALLUS HEV A TROUBLE TO GET THAT THING UP. I TOOK AND WARMED IT JEST THIS MINUTE!"



Pleasuring!

Vicar (to Old Lady, who is returning from a Funeral). "WELL, MARTHA, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE HAD A SAD AFTERNOON. IT HAS BEEN A LONG WALK, TOO, FOR YOU—"

Martha. "SURE-LY, 'TIS, SIR! AH, SIR, 'TAINT MUCH PLEASURE NOW FOR ME TO GO TO FUNERALS; I BE TOO OLD AND FULL O' RHEUMATIZ. IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT WHEN WE WAS YOUNG—THAT 'TWER!!"



Awkward!

FLITHEES SPENDS HIS CHRISTMAS AT A COUNTRY HOUSE, AND THE FIRST DAY, ON THE LADIES LEAVING THE TABLE AFTER DINNER, HE JUMPS UP, AND OPENS THE WRONG DOOR!!



He Thought He was Safe

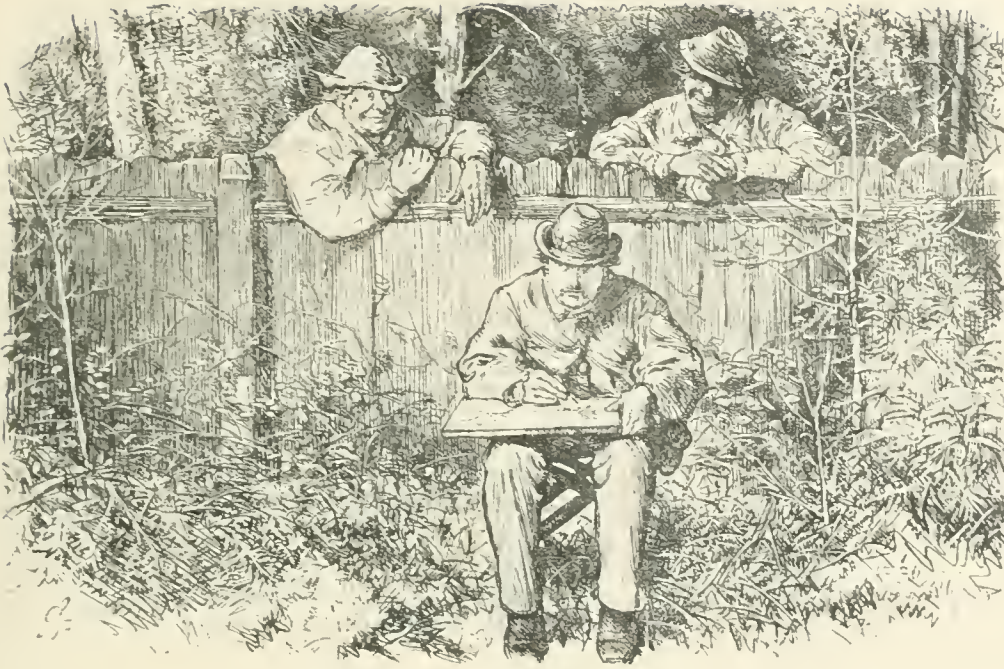
Irrascible Old Gentleman. "BUY A COMB! WHAT THE DEVIL SHOULD I BUY A COMB FOR? YOU DON'T SEE ANY HAIR ON MY HEAD, DO YOU?"

Unlicensed Hawker. "LOE! BLESS YEE, SIR!—YEE DON'T WANT NO 'AIR ON YER 'EAD FOR A TOOTH-COMB!"



Hygiene.

Hearty Old Gentleman (to dyspeptic Friend). "DOESN'T AGREE WITH YOU!! OH, I NEVER LET ANYTHING OF THAT SORT BOTHER ME! I ALWAYS EAT WHAT I LIKE, AND DRINK WHAT I LIKE, AND FINISH OFF WITH A GOOD STIFF GLASS O' Grog AT BED-TIME, AND GO FAST ASLEEP, AN' LET 'EM FIGHT 'T OUT 'EMSELVES!"



Considerate Criticism.

Rustic *to his friend*.—"WA—AL, THA'S BETTER THAN DOIN' O' NAWHIN', I S'DOON, GEAR-F!"



"The Finishing Touch!"

Farmer (who has been most obliging, and takes great interest in the *Picture*).—"GUD MOEN'N, SIR! BET—*apostrophe*—I SAY, WHAT ARE YOU A DOIN' OF, MISTER!! A FINTIN' ALL THEM BEASTLY POTTIES IN MY CORN!—A BIT O' COLOUR! WHAT 'OULD MY LANDLORD SAY, D' YOU THINK?—AND AFTER I'D PUT OFF UTTIN' 'CAUSE YOU HAIN'T FINISHED, TO BELIEVE YEE, I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D A DONE IT! YOU DON'T COME A FINTIN' ON MY LAND ANY MORE!"

[*Exit a great dudger.*]



À Fortiori.

Ticket Collector. "NOW, THEN, MAKE HASTE! WHERE'S YOUR TICKET?"

Bandsman *(refreshed)*. "AU'VE LOST IT!"

Ticket Collector. "NONSENSE! FEEL IN YOUR POCKETS. YE CANNOT HAV LOST IT!"

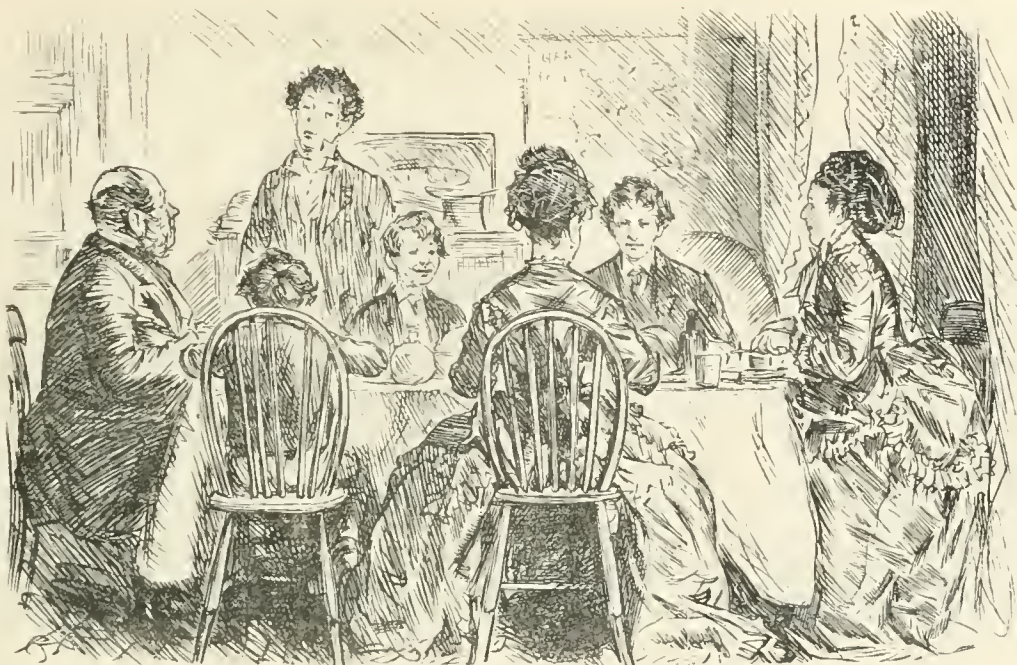
Bandsman. "AW CANNOT!! WHY, MAN, AU'VE LOST THE *BIG DRUM*!"



"Nae That Fou!"

Country Gentleman *(who thought he'd got such a treasure of a new Gardener)*. "TUT, TUT, TUT! BLESS MY SOUL, SAUNDERS! HOW—WHAT'S ALL THIS?—*PUSHER* FULLY INTOXICATED AT THIS HOUR OF THE MORNING! AIN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!"

Saunders. "S'—HAMED! *(H)* NA, NA, 'Y NAE SAE DRUNK AS THAT COMES T'! AH KEN VAREE WELL WHAT A'M ABOUT!"



Hibernian Veracity.

Paterfamilias (with his Family in Ireland). "HAVE YOU ANY WEST INDIA PICKLES, WAITER?"

Paddy. "We've NOt, SOR."

Paterfamilias. "NO HOT PICKLES OF ANY DESCRIPTION?"

Paddy. "NO; SHURE THEY'RE ALL COULD, SOR."



Quite Another Thing.

Paddy (the bar). "ABRAH, G'ALONG! I SAID I'D PAY YOU FOIVE TO WAN BUT I WASN'T GON' TO BET MY HA'F-CROWN AGIN YOUR TATH'IN LITTLE SNAESCE!"

[Excited fighting.]



A Fair Offer.

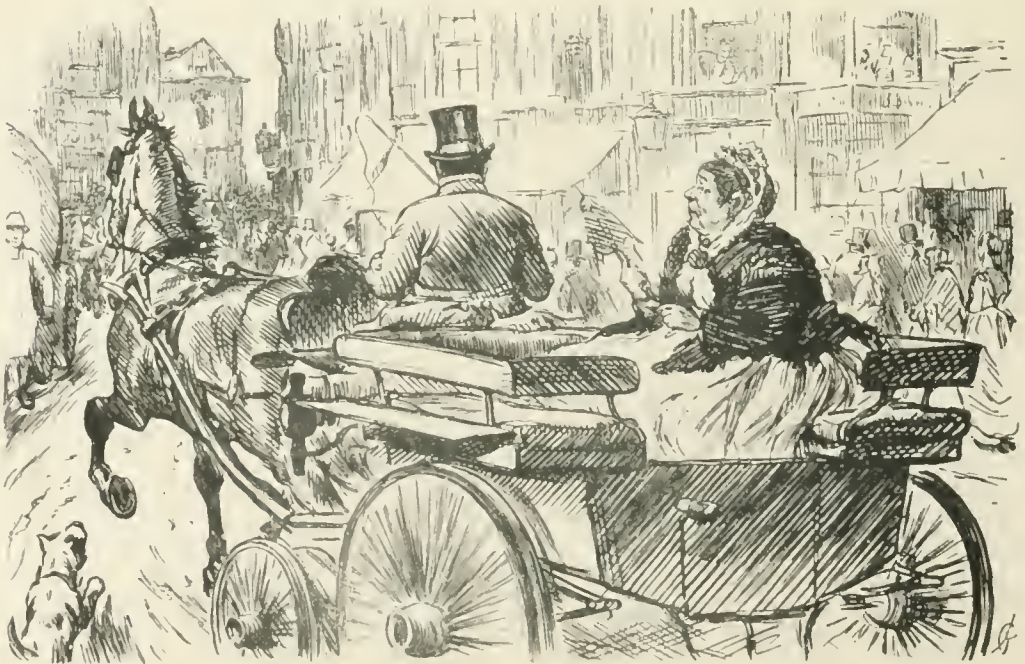
Athletic Barman. "NOW, IF YOU DON'T TAKE NOBLESSE'S CUP, I'LL BEGGIN'S SOON TURN YOU OUT!"

Pat (with a yell). "TUB-BEE ME OUT! I'D BEGGIN'S ME OUT! THIS BEBID! COME OUTSIDE, AN' TUB-BEE ME OUT!"



"The Way We Live Now."

Swell Coachman (with his eye on the Brougham's co-kide). "YOUR GUV'NER IN THE ARMY!"
Brougham (artlessly). "NOT 'ZACTLY IN THE ARMY. BUT MISSIE SAY AS THEY SOLD MILINGTARY CURIOSITIES WHEN THEY KEP' A SHOP IN 'OLBORN !!"



Re-Assuring.

Nervous Old Lady Band in the Distance. "OH, THERE ARE THOSE DREADFUL VOLUNTEERS, JOSEPH! I KNOW THE HORSE WILL TAKE FRIGHT! HADN'T YOU BETTER TURN HIM ROUND!"
Coachman who will have his own way. "OH, LET 'IM ALONE, 'M; HE'LL TURN 'HSELF ROUND, AND PRETTY QUICK, TOO, IF HE'S FRIGHTENED!"



Well Meant.

Shoeblack (to daily Customer). "SUCH A TEFAT WE'VE GOT TO-NIGHT, SIR! TIA AN' BUNS, AN' SPEECHES AT EXETER 'ALL! WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GO, SIR?"
City Magnate. "Oh, THEY WOULDN'T LET ME IN, MY BOY."
Shoeblack. "Um! Ponder.) "WILL—LOOK 'ERE! I THINK I COULD SMUG YER IN AS MY FATHER!"



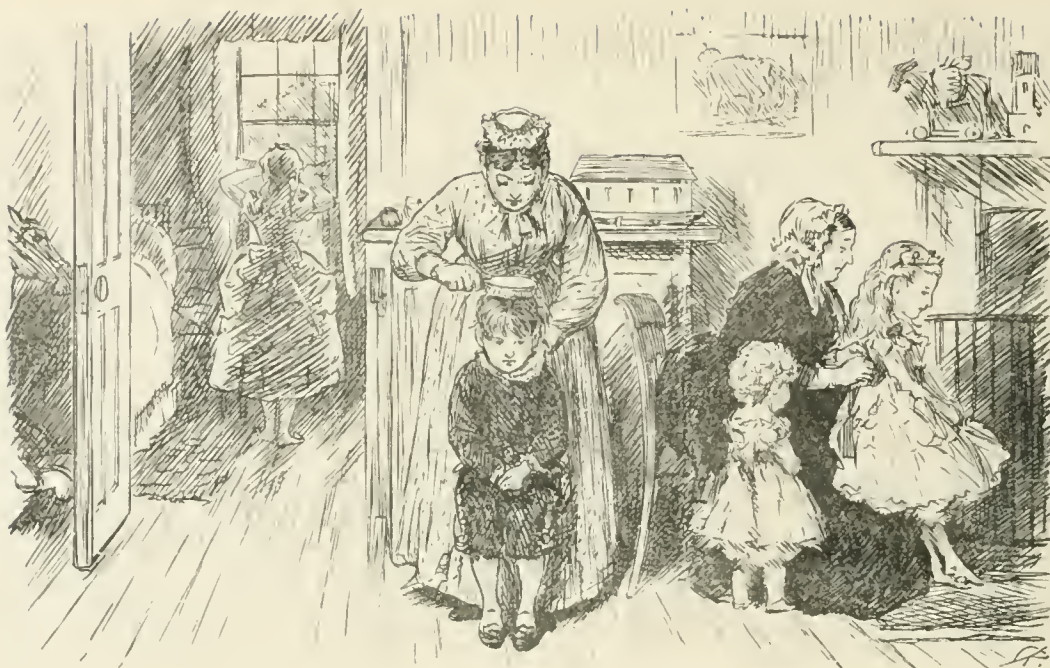
Nature and Art.

Pedestrian. "THAT'S AN EXTRAORDINARY LOOKING DOG, MY BOY. WHAT DO YOU CALL HIM?"
Boy. "FUST OF ALL HE WER' A GREY'OUND, SIR, AN' 'IS NAME WAS 'FLY,' AN' THEN THEY CUT 'IS EARS AN' TAIL OFF, AN' MADE A MASTI' DOO ON 'IM, AN' NOW 'IS NAME'S 'LION'!"



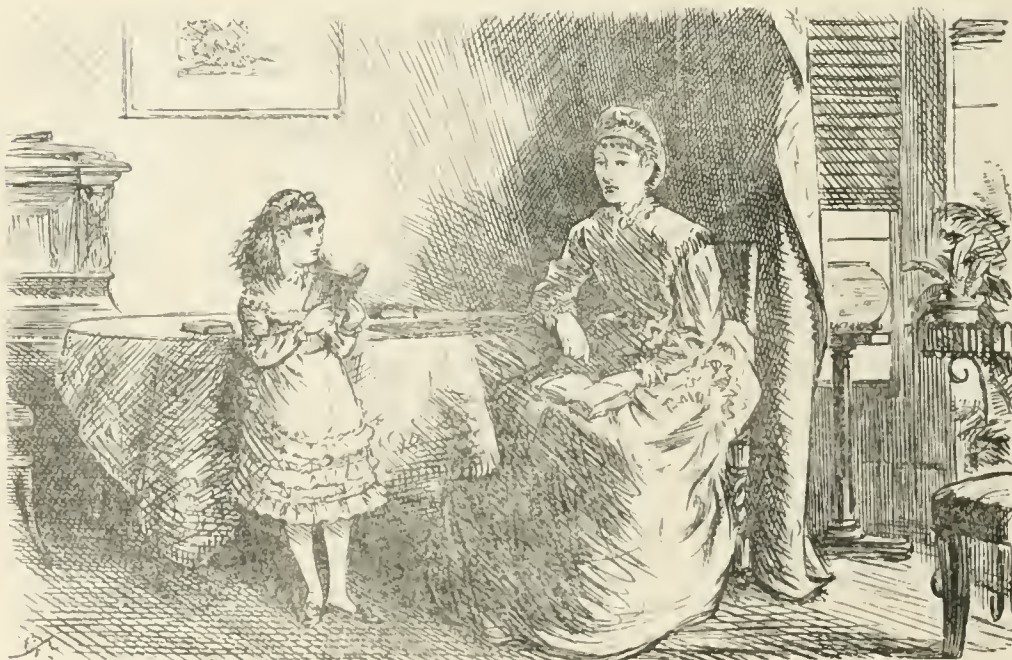
Natural Advantages.

Teacher. "WHAT BIED DID NOAH SEND OUT OF THE ARK?"
Smallest Boy in the Class (after a Pause). "A DOVE, SIR."
Teacher. "VERY WELL. BUT I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT SOME OF YOU BIG BOYS WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT!"
Tall Pupil. "PLEASE, SIR, THAT BOY OUGHT TO KNOW, SIR, 'CAUSE HIS FATHER'S A BIRD-KETCHER, SIR!!!"



The Restraints of Society.

Juvenile Bohemian. "HATE GOIN' OUT TO TEA! 'HAVE TO BE GOOD SUCH A PRECIOUS LONG TIME!'"



Simple Addition.

New Governess. "WHY ARE YOU STARING SO INTENTLY, BLANCHE, DEAR?"

Blanche. "I WAS TRYING TO COUNT THE FRECKLES ON YOUR FACE, MISS SANDYFOLE, BUT I CAN'T!"



Secrets.

Intelligent Housemaid. "Oh, please, Miss, there was a young gentleman called when you was out. He didn't leave no card, Miss; but I can show you who he is, 'cause there's three of his photographs in your album."



"A Parthian Shaft."

Cook. "Now, I'm a leavin' of yee, M'un, I may as well tell yer as the key o' the kitchen-door hits your stool-room!"



Sweet Simplicity.

Visitor. "Jane, has your mistress got a boot-jack?"

Maid-of-all-Work. "No, Sir; please, Sir, I clean all the boots, Sir!"



Master of the Situation?!

SCENE—Mr. Titherloot's Sanctum. ENTER Mrs. T. and her Cook.

Cook (with her usual promptitude—she never kept anybody waiting). "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I WISH TO COMPLAIN OF MISSIS! WHICH SHE COME A DUTYERIN' AND A HINTERFERIN' IN YOUR KITCHING IN A WAY AS I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T APPROVE ON," &c., &c., &c.!!

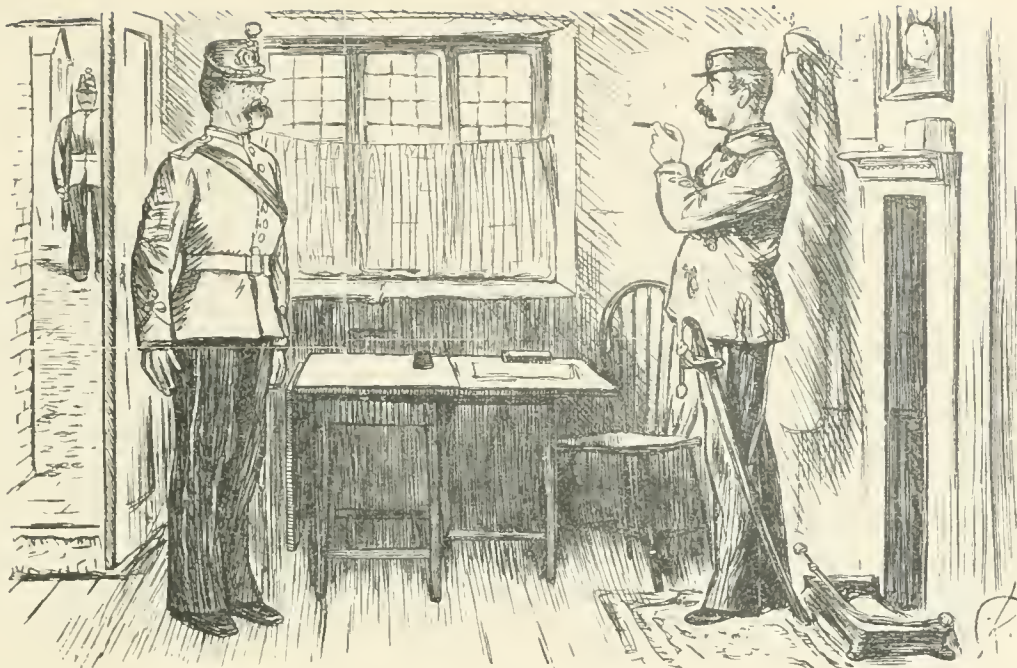
[T. confesses he felt (for the first and last time) a delicious sensation of being apparently master in his own house. She was an admirable Cook, and altogether a most excellent— BUT HOWEVER SHE HAD TO GO!



Manners!

Young Mistress. "JANE, I'M SURPRISED THAT NONE OF YOU STOOD UP WHEN I WENT INTO THE KITCHEN JUST NOW!"

Jane. "INDEED, MUM! WHICH WE WAS SU'PRISED OURSELVES AT YOUR A COMIN' INTO THE KITCHING WHILE WE WAS A 'AVIN' OUR LUNCHON!"



A Regular Turk!

Adjutant. "WELL, SERGEANT, HOW'S YOUR PRISONER GETTING ON?"

Sergeant of the Guard. "BEDAD, SIR, HE'S THE VI'LENTTEST BLAGGTARD I IVER HAD TO DO WID! WE'RE ALL IN TERROR IV OUR LOIVES! SHURE WE 'RE OBLIGED TO FEED HIM WID FIXED BAT'NITS!"



"Incident in Scyllam," &c.

Ensign Muffles (alluding to his Moustache). "YOU SEE, SOME SAY, 'WEAR IT,' YOU KNOW; AND SOME SAY, 'CUT IT OFF,' YOU KNOW; BUT IF I TOOK EVERYBODY'S ADVICE I SHOULD BE LIKE THE OLD MAN AND HIS DONKEY."

Sergeant O'Rourke. "YOUR HON'R WOULD—(BUT NOT WISHING TO BE PERSONAL ABOUT HIS OFFICER'S AGE) THAT IS—LASTE-WATS,—BARRIN THE OULD MAN, YOUR HON-R-R-R!!!"



What H M Civil Servants have to Endure.

(BESIDES THE RIDICULOUSLY LOW SALARIES.)

Mr. Registrar. "WHAT'S THE NUMBER OF YOUR DEED, SIR?"

Attorney's Clerk. "H-EIGHT, H OUGHT H-EIGHT, H-OUGHT, SEVIN, SIR!"

Mr. Registrar (faintly). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR!—(NOTES DOWN THE NUMBER)—THAT WILL DO." [And is so upset that he takes a month's holiday on the spot.]



Curious.

English Tourist (in Ireland). "TELL ME, WAITER, AT WHAT HOUR DOES THE FIRST TRAIN LEAVE FOR CLOSMEI?"

Waiter. "IS IT THE FURST THRAIN, SOR? I'M NOT RIGHTLY SHURE. THE NOINE THRAIN UP USED TO LEAVE AT HA' PAST NOINE—BUT FAIN IT GOES AT TEN NOW, AND THERE'S NO FURST THRAIN NOW AT ALL AT ALL. BUT I'LL AX AT THE BAR, SOR!"



Anything for a Change.

Artist (to Old Fellow-Student). "AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THESE YEARS,—WHAT ARE YOU PAINTING?"

Swell. "OH, I GAVE UP PAINTING, MY DEAR FELLOW—THEN I TOOK TO TEACHING! BUT YOU CAN'T FIND PUPILS IN GENTS, YOU KNOW, SO NOW I GO IN FOR ART CRITICISM! I KNOW I'M STRONG IN THAT! DID YOU SEE MY ARTICLE IN THIS WEEK'S 'NOW A DAYS'?"



Appearances.

Plushington. "I SAY, STOP A MINUTE, SINCE I HEARD YOUR LADY ADDRESS ME 'MY LORD' WHEN I ASKED IF YOU WERE WITHIN!"

Artist. "NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR FELLOW. IT'S YOUR HAT AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE! IF YOU DON'T MIND, WE'LL ENCOURAGE THE IDEA. IT WILL GIVE HER CONFIDENCE IN ME, AND— EH!" [Plushington will be delighted.]



From One Point of View.

SCENE—British Jury Room. All agreed on their Verdict! except—

Irish Juryman (who holds out). "AH, THIS, ILIV'S MORE OBSTINIT' MEN I SIVIR MET IN ALL ME LOIFE!!"



Our Art-School Conversazione

AT WHICH (IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE INCREASED SPACE ANTICIPATED AT THE R.A. EXHIBITION) THERE IS A GREATER CROWD THAN USUAL.

Model (who has charge of the Hats and Coats, No. 97) YESSIR, THERE NOW! IF I DIDN'T SEE THAT 'AT—AH—NOT A QUARTER OF AN HOUR AGO!!'

[Not a very satisfactory look-out for Downiefield, who has barely time to catch his last train!



Between Two Shoeblacks We Fall to," &c.

First Shoeblack. "I COTCHED 'OLD ON 'IM FUST!"

Second Ditto. "YOU'RE A——!"

[Old Gentleman is flung heavily.]



Im-pertinent.

Stout Gent. (*naturally suspicious of the Street Boy*). "GR' OUT O' MY WAY, YOU YOUNG RASCAL!"

Street Boy. "VICH VAY ROUND, GOV'NOUR!"



Register Register!

Aunt Sophy. "NOW SUPPOSE, GEORGE, AS A SINGLE WOMAN I SHOULD HAVE MY NAME PUT ON THE REGISTER, WHAT SHOULD I GET BY IT?"

Pet Nephew. "OH, A GOOD DEAL. YOU'D BE ALLOWED TO SERVE ON CORONER JURIES, COMMON JURIES, ANNOYANCE JURIES, PAY POWDER TAX AND ARMORIAL BEARINGS, ACT AS PARISH BEADLE AND NIGHT CONSTABLE OF THE CASUAL WARD, AND INSPECTOR OF NUISANCES, REPORT ON FEVER DISTRICTS, AND ALL JOLLY THINGS OF THAT SORT."



"Not Proven."

Presbyterian Minister. "DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S WICKED TO CATCH FISH ON THE SAWBATH!!!"

Small Boy (*not having had a rise all the Morning*). "WHA'S CATCHIN' FESH!!!"



An Evenings Fishing (Behind the Distillery at Sligo).

First Factory Lad "DOM'NICK, DID YOU GET E'ER A BITE AT ALL?"

Second Ditto. "SORRA WAN, PAT. ONLY WAN SMALL WAN!"

First Ditto. "YERRA" LAKE IS THERE, AN' COME HOME. SHURE YOU'LL GET MORE THAN THAT IN BED!"



"The Harp in the Air"

Irish Gentleman who has vainly endeavored to escape a Jay to the fitful Mo- of the Telegraph Wires). "SHUCK! WHOEVER Y ARE YE CAN'T PLAY A BIL! HOW CAN A JINTELMAN DANCE—how?—IV YE DON'T RAPE THIME!"!!



Irish Ideal of Themis.

Biddy (to Pat in charge about a difficulty). "NEVER FEAR, PAT! SHURE Y'AVE GOT AN UPRIGHT JIDGE TO THEY YE!"

Pat. "AH, BIDDY DARTIN', THE DIVEL AN UPRIGHT JIDGE I WANT! 'TIS WONE THAT IL LIVE A LITTLE!"



"Canny"

First North Briton. "T'S A FINE DAY, THIS?"

First North Briton. "YE'LL BE TRAVELLIN'?"

First North Briton. "CAUS T'ABERDEEN, MAYBE!"

Second Ditto. "NO HIL, AVA."

Second Ditto. "WEEIL, MAYBE I'M NO."

Second Ditto. "YE'RE SO FAIR AFF'IT!"

[Mutually satisfied, each goes his respective way.]



Irish Architecture

Englishman (to Irishman). "HELLO, PAT, WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT NOW?"

Pat. "SHURE, I'M RAISIN' ME ROOF A BIT, YEE HONOURER!!"



Thrift

Peebles Body (to Townsman who was supposed to be in London on a visit). "E-EH, MAC! YE'RE SURE HAME AGAIN!"

Mac. "E-EH, IT'S JUST A RUINOUS PLACE, THAT! MUN, A HAD NA' BEEN TIR-ERRE ABUNE TWA HOURS WHEN—BANG—WENT SAXPENCE!!!"



Scruples.

English Tourist (having arrived at Greenock on Sunday morning). "MY MAN, WHAT'S YOUR CHARGE FOR ROWING ME ACROSS THE FRITH?"

Boatman. "WHEL, SIR, I WAS JIST THIRKIN' I CANNA BREAK THE SAWBATH-DAY FOR NO LESS THAN FIFTEN SHILLIN'S!!!"



A Bad Season.

Sportaman. "I CAN ASSURE YOU, WHAT WITH THE RENT OF THE MOOR, AND MY EXPENSES, AND 'WHAT NOT,' THE BIRDS HAVE COST ME—AH—A SOVEREIGN APIECE!!!"

Keeper. "A' WEL, SIR! 'DEED IT'S A MAIRCY YE DIDNA KILL NA MAIR O' 'EM!!!"



'Familiarity breeds Contempt'

Keeper (who wants to drive the *Hervants* to the Squire's corner). "HOOO-O-O-SH! HERE, BILL, COME HERE! THEY 'ONT GET UP FOR ME! THEY KNOW ME TOO WELL!"



Intelligent!

Artist (who thinks he has found a good Model for his *TOURISTONE*). "HAVE YOU ANY SENSE OF HUMOUR, MR. BINGLES?"
 Model. "THANK Y' SIR, NO, SIR, THANK Y'. I ENJ'YS PRETTY GOOD 'EALTH, SIR, THANK Y' SIR!"



The "Nimble Ninepence."

City Gent (after a critical Inspection). "WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR THAT 'MOONLIGHT'?"
 Picture-Dealer. "I'LL SHILL YER THE TWO A BARGAIN, SHIR! CHEAP ASH DIRT, SHIR! SHEVENTY-FIVE GUINEASH AFRECHIE, SHIR! I'LL WARRANT 'EM UNDOUBTID SMITHERS'S. SHEVENTY-FIVE——"
 City Gent. "O, COME, I DON'T MIND GIVING YOU—THIRTY SHILLINGS FOR THE PAIR."
 Picture-Dealer (closing with alacrity). "DONE! WITH YOU, SHIR!!!"

[City Gent is in for 'em!]



Menace

Little Angler to her refractory Bait. "KEEP STILL, YOU TIRESOME LITTLE THING! IF YOU DON'T LEAVE OFF SKRIGGLING, I'LL THROW YOU AWAY, AND TAKE ANOTHER!"



"A Thing of Beauty"

Visitor. "WELL, GEORGE, AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN TO BE, WHEN YOU HAVE GROWN UP?" **George** (proudly). "AN ARTIST!" **Visitor.** "WELL, THEN, YOU SHALL PAINT MY PORTRAIT." **George.** "AH! BUT I MEAN TO PAINT PRETTY THINGS!!"



Mixed Pickles.

Domestic (a trifling one). "O, MUM, HERE'S MASTER PLANTAGIN'S, 'M, HAS BEEN AND BROKE HIS GRAMMA'S INK-BOTTLE IN THE LIBRARY, AND CUT HIS FINGER BREADFUL, 'M!!"

Grandmamma's Darling (fully alluding to her Nephew's Cynical). "AND GOT A MARRIE UP BY BEING, GRAMMA!!"



The Trials of a District Visitor.

The Honourable Miss Fuzbuz (*log.*). "IS MRS. HIGGINS WITHIN?"

Mrs. Tomkins. "I'LL CALL 'ER, M'UM." (*At the top of her Voice.*) "MRS. HIGGINS! ERE'S THE PERSON WITH THE TRAIL!"
(*To the Honourable Miss.*) "THE LADY WILL BE DOWN PRESENTLY, M'UM!!"



Legitimate Criticism.

Aged Village Matron (*to Sympathising Visitor*). "IT'S A 'COOKERY BOOK,' AS MRS. PENWISE, OUR 'DISTRICT LADY,' GIVE ME THIS CHRISTMAS, MISS. I'D A DEAL SOONER A' HAD THE INGREDIENTS, MISS!!"



"The Servants"

Old Lady. "THEY'RE ALL AHEAD, MY DEAR. THERE'S OUR SUSAN (IT'S TRUE SHE'S A DISSENTER, BUT I'VE ALLOWED HER TO GO TO CHAPEL THREE TIMES EVERY SUNDAY SINCE SHE HAS LIVED WITH ME, AND I ASSURE YOU SHE DOESN'T COOK A BIT BETTER THAN SHE DID THE FIRST DAY!!)"



Pleasant for Simpkins!

Photographer (to Mr. Simpkins). "KEEP YOUR HEAD STEADY, PLEASE, SIR, AND LOOK IN THE DIRECTION OF THOSE YOUNG LADIES. STEADY NOW, SIR! DON'T WINK, SIR!"

Mrs. S. (by a look that Mr. S. quite understood). "JUST LET ME SEE DIM WINK!"



A Misnomer.

Country Valetudinarian. "AH YES, MU'M, I'VE HAD THE 'LUMBAGER TURE'BLE BAD, MU'M' 'KETCHES ME IN THE SMALL O' THE BACK 'ERE, MU'M!"



"Winkles!"

Philanthropic Coster (who has been crying "Perry-wink-wink-wink!" till he's hoarse—and no buyers). "I WONDER WHAT THE FOR UNFORT'NATE CREETERS IN THESE 'ERE LOW NEIGHB'HOODS DO LIVE ON!"



"The Last (Co-operative) Feather."

'My Lady.' "JUST TAKE AND TIE UP A COUPLE OF THOSE SACKS BEHIND THE CARRIAGE, JAMES. THERE'LL BE ROOM, IF ONE OF YOU RIDES ON THE BOX!"



Disaffection!

Adjutant. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DRUM-MAJOR?"

Drum-Major. "PLEASE, SIR, THE DRUMS IS IN A STATE OF MUTINY, AND THESE ARE THE RINGLEADERS!!"



Zoology.

Railway Porter *(to Old Lady travelling with a Menagerie of Pets).* "STATION MASTER SAY, MUN, AS CATS IS 'DOGS,' AND RABBITS IS 'DOGS,' AND SO'S PARROTS; BUT THIS ERE 'TORTIS' IS A INSECT, SO THERE AINT NO CHARGE FOR IT!"



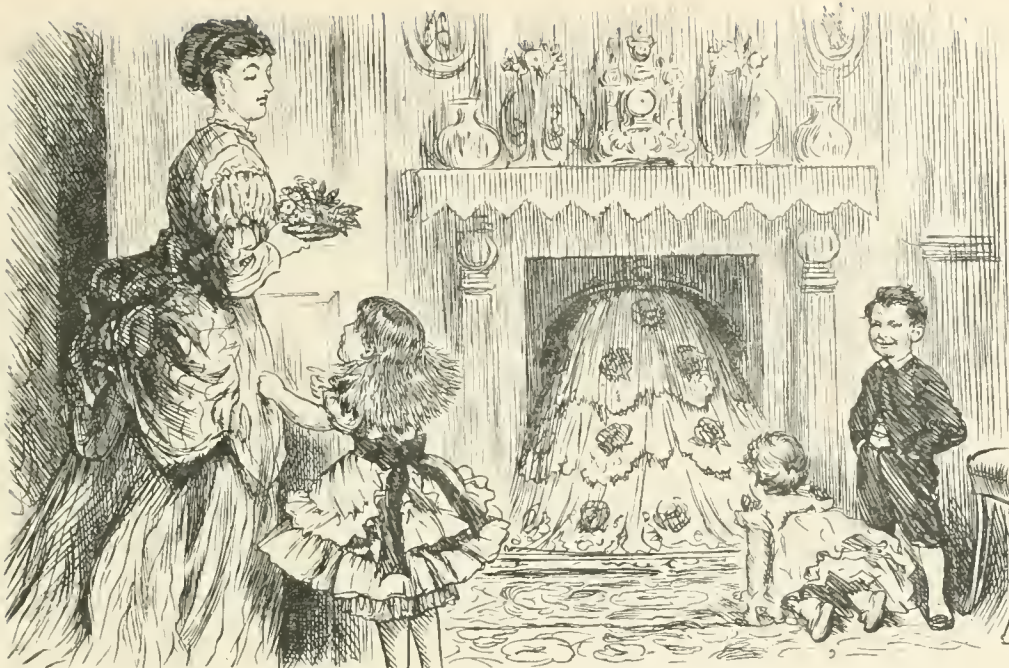
Extortion.

Porter, S. E. R. "TICKET FOR MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, PLEASE, SIR."

Amateur Violoncellist *(who never travels without his bass, indignantly).* "WHAT! PAY FOR THIS? I'VE NEVER HAD TO PAY ON ANY OTHER LINE. THIS IS MY 'CELLO!"

Porter *(calmly).* "NOT PERSONAL LUGGAGE, SIR. ALL THE SAME IF YOU'D A HURDY-GURDY, SIR!"

(Our Amateur's feelings are too much for him.)



"Any Ornaments for your Fire-Stoves?"

Little Flora (*in great distress*). "OH, MAMMA, LOOK HERE! JACK SAYS IT'S AUNT FANNY! SHE'S GOT ON HER BEAUTIFUL BALL-DRESS WITH THE ROSES ON IT, AND SHE'S *STUCK IN THE CHIMNEY!*"



Compliments of the Season

Fond Parent. "I HOPE YOU WILL BE VERY CAREFUL, MR. STIMPSON. I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO CUT THEIR HAIR MYSELF."
Mr. Stimpson. "SO I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT, MADAM!"



On the Face of It

Pretty Teacher. "NOW, JOHNNY WELLS, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS MEANT BY A MIRACLE?"
Johnny. "YES, TEACHER. MOTHER SAYS IF YOU DON'T MARRY NEW FARESON, 'TWILL BE A MURRACLE!"



Obvious Initiative.

(A lively Natur' of the Iwer Son seizes hold of a Shepherd's Dog by the Tail, who makes off as fast as he can.)

Fishmonger (in a rage). "WHUSTLE ON YER DOG, MUN!"

Highlander coolly. "WHUSTLE ON M' DOG? NA, NA, FRIEND! WHUSTLE YOU ON YOUR PARTAN!"



Driving a Bargain

Economical Drover. "A TYPICK TAE FAA'KIRK."

Polite Clerk. "FIVE-AND-NINEPENCE, PLEASE."

Drover. "AH 'LL GIE YE FIVE SHILLINGS!"

Clerk (stolidly). "ER!"

Drover. "WELL, AH 'LL GIE YE FIVE-AN'-THIRTYPENCE, AN' DEIL A BAWDEE MAIR! IS'T A BARGAIN!"



Candid

Tam (very dry, at door of Country Inn, Sunday Morning). "AYT, MAN, YE NICHT GIE ME A BIT GILL OOT IN A BOTTLE!"

Landlord (from within). "WELL, YE KEN, TAMMAS, I DAUENA SEEL ONY-THING THE DAY. AND FORBYE YE GOT A HALF-MUTCHKIN AWAY W' YE LAST NICHT (AFTER HOORS TAE); IT CANNA BE A' DENSE YET!"

Tam. "DENSE! LOSH, MAN, D'YE THINK A' COULD SLEEP AN' WHUSKEY I' THE HOOSE!"



An Irish Model.

Mrs. Mergillicuddy (to her Daughter), "WHY, WHY, ROSEEN! WHAT'S BEEN DELAYIN' YE? WHY! AND ME WAITIN' THIS HOUR PAST TO COME IN WID THE MILK!"

Rose. "O, SURE, THIN, MOTHER DEAR, ON ME WAY BACK FROM THE MEADA' I MET SUCH A DARLIN' ENGLISH JINTLEMAN—A RALE ARTIST. WHY, AND HE AXED ME TO ALLOW HIM TO TAKE ME LANDSKIP; AND O, MOTHER MAVORNE, IT'S A WONDER HOW LIKE ME HE'S MED IT, GLORY BE TO THE SAINTS!"



A Benediction!

Irish Beggarwoman (to our friend, Dr. O'Gorman, whose Nose is of the shortest), "WON'T YE GIVE ME A COPPER, DOCTHER DEAR! THEY, NOW, IF YE HAVEN'T WAN PENNY CONVANIENT!—AND MAY THE BLISSED SAINTS INCHEASE YE!"

Dr. O'Gorman. "STAND ASIDE, MY GOOD WOMAN. I'VE NOTHING FOR YOU."

Beggarwoman. "O, THIN, THE LARD PRESERVE YER EYESIGHT, FOR THE DIVIL A NOSE YE HAVE TO MOUNT THE 'SPEC'S' UPON!!"



Mrs. Frummage's Birthday Dinner-Party.

Mrs. F. ("coming from behind the screen, sn-a'-tut' just like her"). "THERE! OH YOU GOODFORNOTHING BOY, NOW I'VE FOUND YOU OUT. HOW DARE YOU TOUCH THE WINE, SIR!"

Robert. "PLEASE 'M, I WAS—I WAS ONLY JUST A GOIN' TO WISH YOURS AN' MASTER'S VERY GOOD 'EALTH 'M!"



Confession.

Old Lady (who can't stand her Page's destructive carelessness any longer). "NOW, ROBERT, I WANT YOU CLEARLY TO UNDERSTAND THE REASON I PART WITH YOU. CAN YOU TELL ME?"

Robert (affected to tears). "YES, 'M."

Old Lady. "WHAT, ROBERT!"

Robert. "'CAUSE I'M—(sniff)—'CAUSE I'M—'CAUSE I'M SO UGLY'!"



A Stroke of Business.

Village Hampden ("who with dauntless breast" has undertaken, for sispener, to keep off the other boys). "IF ANY OF YEE WANTS TO SEE WHAT WE'RE A PAININ' OF, IT'S A 'ALF PENNY A 'EAD, BUT YOU MAEN'T MAKE NO REMARKS."



Proper Reproof.

Fussy Party. "WHY DON'T YOU TOUCH YOUR HAT TO ME, BOY?"
Country Boy. "SO I WUL I' YEAGU'LL HOWD THE CA-ALF!"



Little and Good.

Gentleman. "WHO DO THESE PIGS BELONG TO, BOY?"
'Chaw.' "WHY, THIS 'ERE OWD ZOW."
Gentleman. "YES, YES; BUT I MEAN WHO'S THEIR MASTER?"
'Chaw.' "WHY, THAT THERE LITTLE 'UN; HE'S A VARMUN TO FOIGHT!"



"Mistakes Will Happen."

Mamma (alarm'd). "WHAT IS IT, MY DARLING!"

Pet. "YA-AH, BOO-OOH-AH!"

Mamma. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, THEN! COME AND TELL ITS OWN——"

Pet. "BA-H-OH-H-SHE-SHE DID-WASH ME ONCE-AN'-SAYS-SHE DIDN'T-AN'-SHE'S BEEN-AN' GONE AN' WASHED ME OVER AGAIN!!"



Brushing Pa's New Hat.

Edith. "NOW, TOMMY, YOU KEEP TURNING SLOWLY, TILL WE'VE DONE IT ALL ROUND."



More Than One for His Nob.

Irritable Old Gentleman (who is rather particular about his appearance). "I wish you'd be CAREFUL. THAT'S THE THIRD OR FOURTH TIME YOU'VE PRICKED ME WITH YOUR SCISSORS!"

Young Man (from "Round the Corner"). "BEG-YER PARDON, SIR, BUT THE FACT IS, SIR, I 'AVEN'T BEEN IN THE 'AINT O' CUTTIN' AIR, SIR. WE'RE RATHER SHORT OF 'ANDS, SO——"

{Old Gent explodes.



A Passage of Arms.

Hairdresser. "AIR'S VERY DRY, SIR!"

Customer (who knows what's coming). "I LIKE IT DRY!"

Hairdresser (after awhile, again advancing to the attack). "EAD'S VERY SCUFFY, SIR!"

Customer (still cautiously retiring). "YA-AS, I PREFER IT SCUFFY!"

[Assault gives in defeated]



Flunkeianum.

Master. "THOMPSON, I BELIEVE THAT I HAVE REPEATEDLY EXPRESSED AN OBJECTION TO BEING SERVED WITH STALE BREAD AT DINNER. HOW IS IT MY WISHES HAVE NOT BEEN ATTENDED TO?"

Thompson. "WELL, SIR, I REPLY DON'T KNOW WHAT IS TO BE DONE! IT WON'T DO TO WASTE IT, AND WE CAN'T EAT IT DOWNSTAIRS!!"



A Dilemma

Auxiliary Recruit (to himself). "MURDER! MURDER! WHAT'LL I DO NOW! 'DRILL-SARJINT TOLD ME ALWAYS TO SALUTE ME OFFICER WID THE FAR-OFF HAND, AND HERE'S TWO IN EM! FAIX, I'LL MAKE IT STRAIGHT FOR MESELF ANYHOW!"
[Throws up both Hands.]



Lessons in the Vacation.

Public School-man. "HE-AR, CABBY, WE'LL GIVE YOU EIGHTEEN-PENCE TO TAKE US TO BRIXTON."

Cabby. "WELL, I GENERALLY DO CARRY CHILDEEN 'ALF PRICE, BUT I'M ENGAGED THIS MORNING, GENTS!"



Wimbledon.

The Irrepressible 'Arry (to Sicell—Small-bore Man—who has just fired). "YA—AR! NEVER 'T I!!!"



Wimbledon.

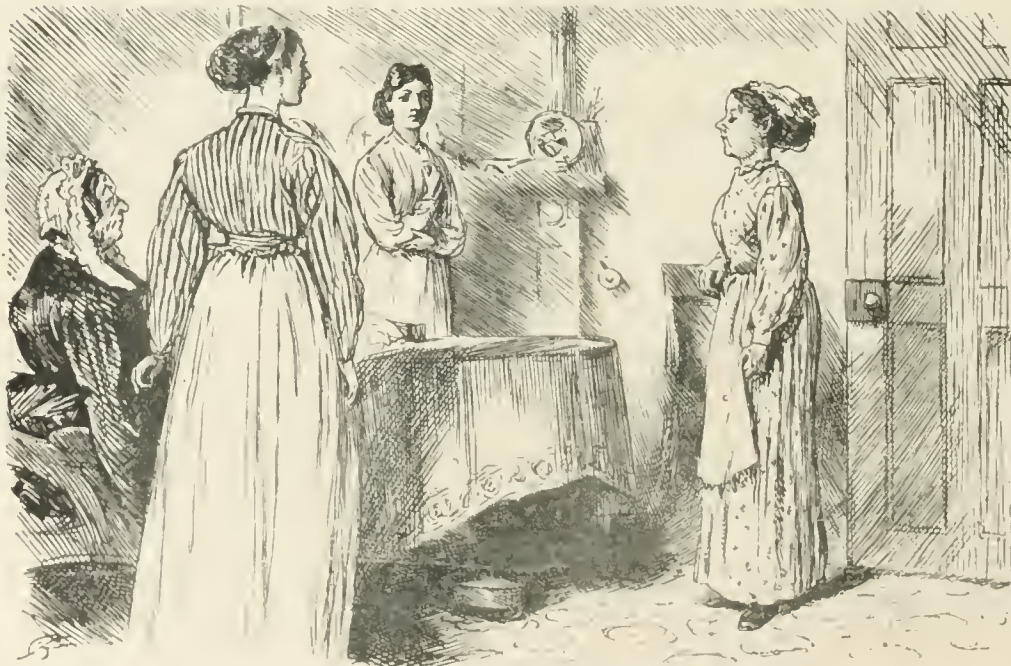
Volunteer Mounted Officer (Midnight). "HULLO HERE! WHY DON'T YOU TURN OUT THE GUARD! I'M THE FIELD-OFFICER OF THE DAY!"

Volunteer Sentry. "THEN WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU DOIN' OUT THIS TIME O' NIGHT!"



A Hardship.

Mistress. "I THINK, ELIZABETH, I MUST ASK YOU TO GO TO CHURCH THIS AFTERNOON INSTEAD OF THIS MORNING, BECAUSE——"
Elizabeth (*indignantly*). "WELL, MUM, WHICH IN MY LAST PLACE I WAS NEVER ASKED TO GO AN' 'EAR A CURATE PREACH!"



"Like her Impudence."

Missis and the Young Ladies (*to Jemima*). "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, JEMIMA! WHAT HAVE YOU — WHERE'S MARY CLENTIN?"
(This word says Jemima.)
Jemima. "OH M, DEASE M, WHICH I UNDERSTOOD AS THEY WAS A GIN OUT, M——" [*Reverend to the spot.*]



"Too Bad!"

Comic Man (in an audible Whisper, while his Friend is "obliging" with "Adelaide"). "LOOK OUT! HE'S COMING TO THE PASSIONATE PART NOW. YOU'LL SEE HIM WAG HIS SHOULDERS!"



"It's the Pace that Kills"

Miss Rattleton (who means *Waltzing*). "OH, I DID NOT SAY 'STOP,' MR. PLUMPLEY."

Mr. Plumpley (utterly blown, in gasps). "'MSURE YOU—MUSTBETIBED——"
[And joins the Card-players.]



The Gamut.

Jack Bowbell (beginning his Song). "'APTY LAND, 'APTY LAND——"

Tom Belgrave. "ONE MOMENT—EXCUSE ME, MY DEAR FELLOW—BUT DON'T YOU THINK THE SONG WOULD GO BETTER IF YOU WERE TO SOUND YOUR *H*'S JUST A LITTLE!"

Jack Bowbell. "EH? SOUND MY *H*'S!" (Chuckles.) "SHOWS HOW MUCH YOU KNOW ABOUT MUSIC!—NO SUCH NOTE—ONLY GORS UP TO *G*!" (Continues.) "'APTY LAND, 'APTY LAND——"



Garrison Instruction.

Instructor (*lecturing*). "GENTLEMEN, A THREE-LEGGED TRESTLE IS A TRESTLE WITH THREE LEGS. YOU HAD BETTER MAKE A NOTE OF THAT, GENTLEMEN." (*Lucas scribbling.*)

General in Embryo (*but not at present noted for smartness*), after a pause of some Minutes. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MAJOR, BUT HOW MANY LEGS DID YOU SAY THE TRESTLE HAD?" (*Left sitting.*)



Cavalry Criticism.

Adjutant to Riding-Master. "AH, THERE'S MR. QUICKEST!" (*Who had just Exchanged into the Regiment from the Infantry.*) "HOW DOES HE GET ON?"

Riding-Master. "WELL, S R, I THINK HE'S THE HOSSIEST GEN'L MAN AFOOT—AND THE FUTTIEST GEN'L MAN ON A HOS THAT EVER I'VE MET WITH SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE RE'MENT!"



"The Way we Had in the Army."

Colonel (of the pre-Examination period—to studious Sub). "I say, YOUNGSTER, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A SOLDIER IF YOU DON'T MIND WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT!" Sub (mildly). "I SHOULD BE SORRY TO THINK THAT, SIR!"

Colonel. "I SAW YOU SNEAKING UP THE HIGH STREET YESTERDAY, LOOKING LIKE A METHODIST PARSON IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES!—HOLD UP YOUR HEAD, SIR! BUY A STICK, SIR! SLAP YOUR LEG, SIR! AND STARE AT THE GIRLS AT THE WINDOWS!"



"An Officer and a Gentleman!"

Volunteer Captain (bumptiously). "OFFICER'S TICKET!"

Considerate Clerk. "GOVERNMENT TARIFFS HIGH ON THIS LINE, SIR. YOU'D BETTER GO AS A GENTLEMAN! CHEAPER!"

[The Captain is shocked, loses his presence of mind, and takes advantage of the suggestion.]

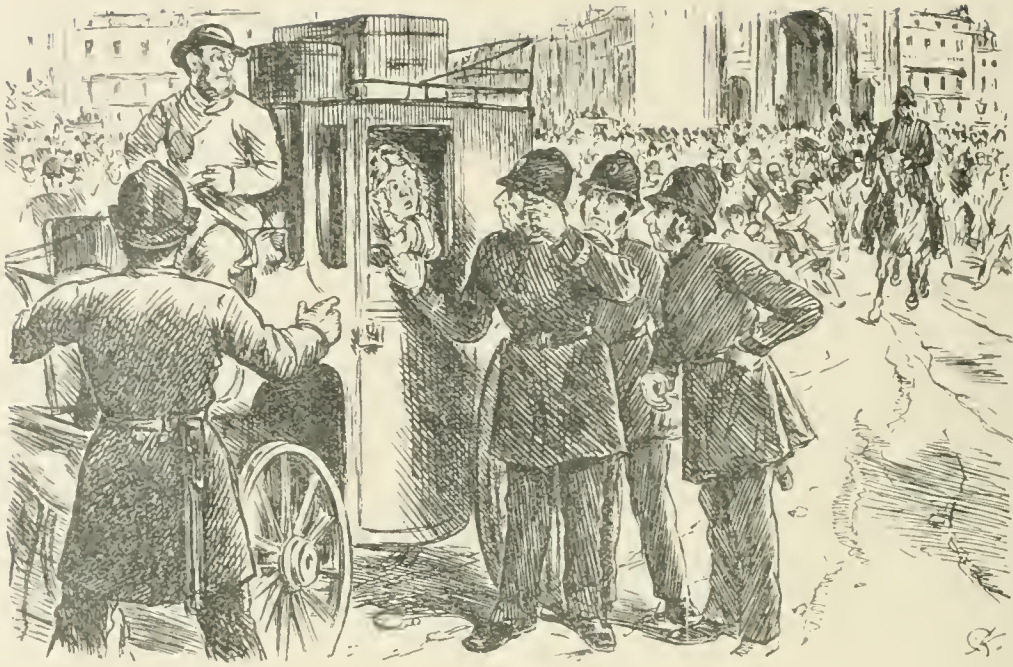


"The Service going to, &c!"

ENSIGN BROWN SHARES A TENT AT WIMBLEDON WITH HIS FRIEND JONES, PRIVATE IN THE SAME COMPANY.

Ensign Brown. "OH, I SAY, JO—MR. JONES, THERE'S ONE OF THOSE PEGS LOOSE. HEM—WILL YOU—I WISH—JUST JUMP OUT, AND MAKE IT FAST!"

Private Jones. "OH, HANG IT, BR—MR. BROWNS! COME, I DON'T MIND TESSING YOU!!"



Presence of Mind.

Constables (in chorus). "HOY! HULLO! STOP! TURN BACK THERE! CAN'T COME THROUGH THE PARK!"

Elderly Female (in a hurry to catch a train). "PLICEMAN, I'M THE 'OME SECRETARY!!!"

Sergeant of Police (taken aback). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, I'M SURE, MUM! ALL RIGHT—DRIVE ON, CABBY!"

[Old Lady gives the train.



"Bric à Brac."

Mamma } together { "GOODNESS, GRACIOUS, { SAM!
Daughters } { "FA'!"

Papa (who has a passion for Antiques). "MY DEARS, I THOUGHT IT WOULD DO SO NICELY FOR THE LANDING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, EH "



Encouraging.

First Bystander (evidently Village Schoolmaster—ignorant set of people generally!). "DON'T SEEM TO BE MAKING MUCH OF IT, DO 'E!"
Second Bystander (you'd have thought him an intelligent Farmer, by the look of him). "AMMY-FOOE, SEEMIN'LY!!"



"Fine Art."

Rural Connoisseur. "HE'S A PINTIN' TWO PICTURE'S AT ONCE, D'YER SEE? 'BLEST IF I DON'T LIKE THAT THERE LITTLE 'UN AS HE'S GOT HIS THUMB THROUGH, THE BEST!"

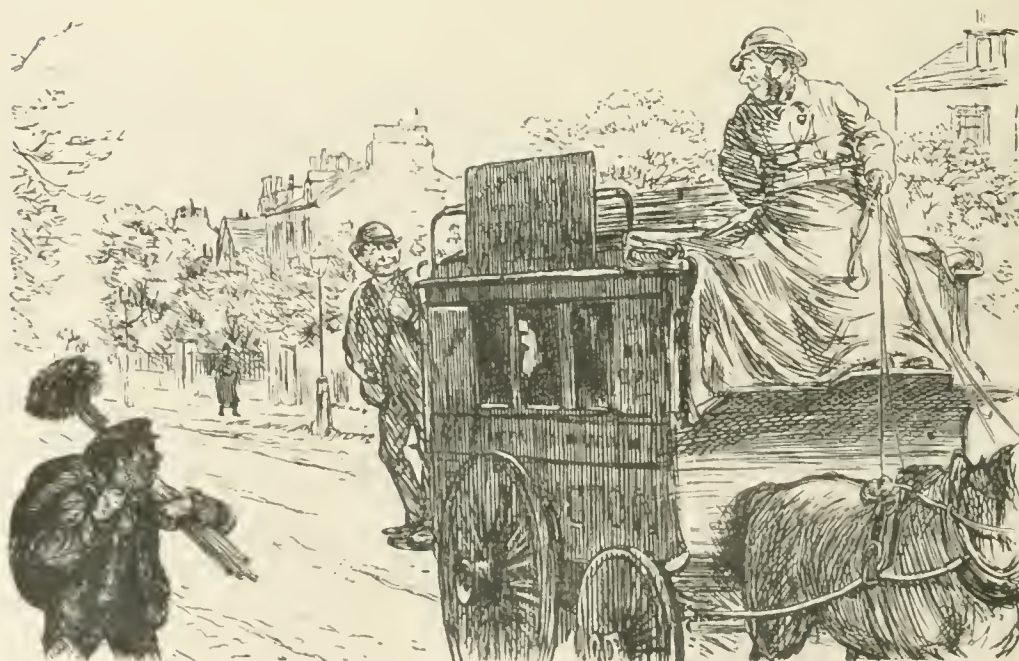


Our Reserves

(AUXILIARY FORCES, NORTH OF IRELAND.)

Last Joined Supernumerary. "Now, then, SENTRY, why don't you SALUTE YOUR OFFICER!"

Militia Sentry *old Yankee Irish Veteran, who has been through the "Secesh" War.* "SALUTE, IS IT? Divil a SALUTE you'll GET UNTILL YE PAY YER FUTTIN'!"



Badinage

Facetious 'Bus-Driver (*offering to pull up*). "ELE Y'ARE, SIR, LOOK SHARP, BILL, AND 'ELP THE GEN'LEMAN IN WITH HIS LUGGAGE!"

Chimney-Sweep (*whose self-respect is hurt*) *uses strong language!*

'Bus-Driver. "BEG PARD'S, SIR, GEN'TLEMAN AIN'T FOR US, BILL, HE'S A LOOKIN' OUT FOR A 'HATEAS. GOIN' TO MADAM TOOSAWD'S, TO 'AVE HIS STATTY DONE IN WAX-WORK!"



Particular to a Hair

Irate Major (to hairy Sub.). "WHEN NEXT YOU COME ON PARADE, SIR, HAVE THE GOODNESS TO LEAVE THOSE CONFOUNDED WEATHERCOCKS BEHIND YOU!"



Chronology

'Bus-Driver. "THEY TELL ME THERE'VE BEEN SOME COINS FOUND IN THESE 'ERE 'EXCAVATIONS THAT 'A BEEN BURIED THERE A MATTLE O' FOUR OR FIVE 'UNDRED YEAR!!"

Passenger Friend. "OH, THAT'S NOTHIN'! WHY, THERE'S SOME IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM—AH—MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND YEAR OLD!!"

'Bus-Driver (after a pause). "COME, GEORGE, THAT WON'T DO, YER KNOW! 'CAUSE WE'RE ONLY IN EIGHTEEN 'UNDRED AN' SIXTY-NINE NOW!!"

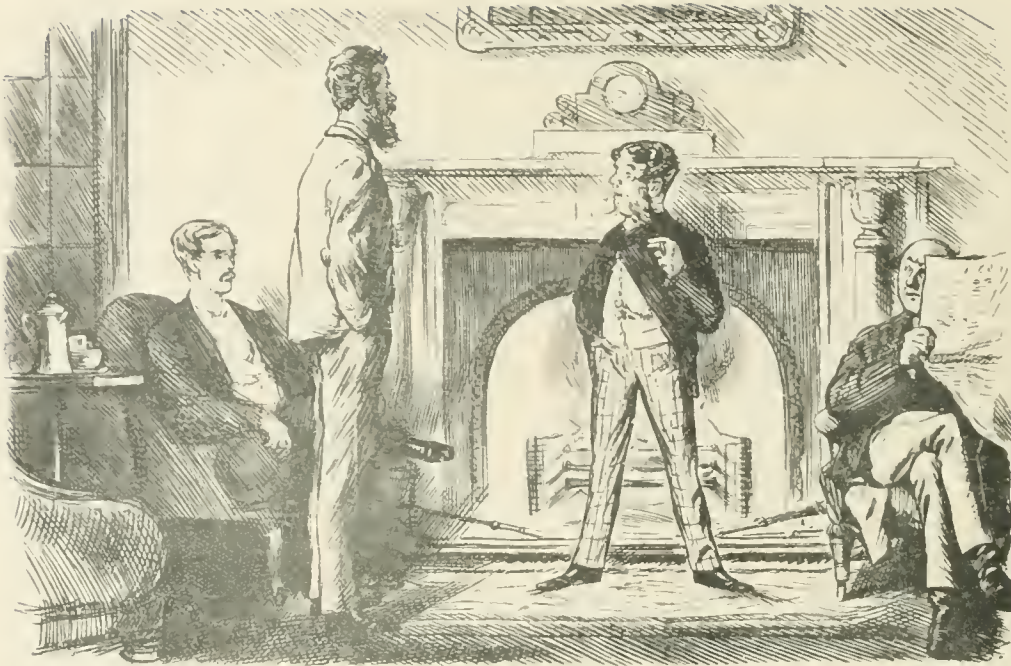


"Bus-Measure"

'Bus-Driver. "NEVER SEE THE COMET?! WHY, WHEREVER COULD YOU 'A——" (Notices Shortness of "Ge'leman's" hair, &c., and hesitates). "How—SOMEWHERE——"

Passenger (relieving his embarrassment). "WHEREABOUTS WAS IT?"

Driver. "WELL, I'LL TELL YER. IT WAS ABOUT THE LENGTH O' THIS TERE BUS FROM THE FORREADEST LEADER IN THE GREAT BEAR!"



Tricks upon Travellers.

Bonsor shows you little Stannery, who's a go at tea-time about 1 o'clock, and his extensive "Travels" and then hear especially, down Palestine way, "DID YOU SEE THE DARDANELLES?"

Stannery. "Er! Trif-eh! Oh, ye-yes! JOLLY FELLAS AS EVER I MET! DINED WITH 'EM AT VIENNA!"

[Little S. has left the Club.



Quantity not Quality.

Brown, Senior. "WELL, FRED, WHAT DID YOU SEE DURING YOUR TRIP ABROAD?"

Brown, Junior. "AW—'PON M'WORD, 'DON'T KNOW WHAT I SAW 'XACTLY, 'ONLY KNOW I DID MORE BY THREE COUNTRIES, EIGHT TOWNS, AND FOUR MOUNTAINS, THAN SMITH DID IN THE SAME TIME!"



"A Woman of Business"

Husband (who has been on the Continent, and left his Wife some Blank Cheques). "MY DEAR LOUISA, I FIND YOU HAVE CONSIDERABLY OVERDRAWN AT THE BANK!"

Wife. "O, NONSENSE, WILLY, HOW CAN THAT BE? WHY, I'VE TWO OF THOSE BLANK CHEQUES LEFT YET!"



"Reason in Woman."

Young Wife. "GEORGE, DEAR, I'VE HAD A TALK WITH THE SERVANTS THIS MORNING, AND I'VE AGREED TO RAISE THEIR WAGES. THEY SAID EVERYTHING WAS SO DEAR NOW—MEAT WAS SO HIGH, AND COALS HAD RISEN TO SUCH A PRICE, AND EVERYTHING—I THOUGHT THIS WAS REASONABLE, BECAUSE I'VE SO OFTEN HEARD YOU COMPLAIN OF THE SAME THING."



"Our Failures."

Husband. "I SAY, LAZZIE, WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU MAKE THIS MINT-SAUCE OF?"

Young Wife (who has been a "helping" Cook). "PARSLEY, TO BE SURE!"



"Where there's a Will there's a Way!"

Cook. "PLEASE, 'M, I WISHES TO GIVE WARNING——"

Mistress *surprised*. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Cook. "THE FACT IS, MUM, I'M GOING TO GET MARRIED!"

Mistress. "WHY, COOK, I DID NOT KNOW YOU WERE ENGAGED!"

Cook. "WHICH I HAV NOT AACTLY ENGAGED AS YET, MUM; BUT I FEELS MYSELF TO BE OF THAT 'APPY DISPOSITION AS I COULD 'OVE HANY MAN, MUM!"



"Satisfactory!"

Mistress. "WELL, JESSIE, I'M GOING INTO NAIENT, AND WILL SEE YOUR MOTHER. CAN I GIVE HER ANY MESSAGE FROM YOU?"

Jessie *(her first "place")*. "O! MUM, YE CAN JUST SAY I'M UN'O' WHEEL PLEASD WI' YE!"



"Ha! Ha! The Woon' O't!"

[Young Mistress *gravely; she had seen an affectionate parting at the garden-gate.* "I SEE YOU'VE GOT A YOUNG MAN, JANE!"

Jane *(apologetically)*. "ONLY WALKED OUT WITH HIM ONCE, MUM!"

Mistress. "O, BUT I THOUGHT I SAW—DIDN'T YOU—DIDN'T HE—TAKE A KISS, JANE?"

Jane. "O, M'M, ONLY AS A FRIEND. M'M!"



"The Way we Build now."

Indignant Houseowner (he had heard it was so much cheaper, in the end, to buy your House). "WH! WHAT'S THE—WHAT AM I!—WHY—WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS THE MEANING OF THIS, MR. SCAMPLING!!!"

Local Builder. "T' Tut, Tut! WELL, SIR, I 'SPECTS SOME ONE'S BEEN A-LEANIN' AGIN IT!!!"



"In the Long Run."

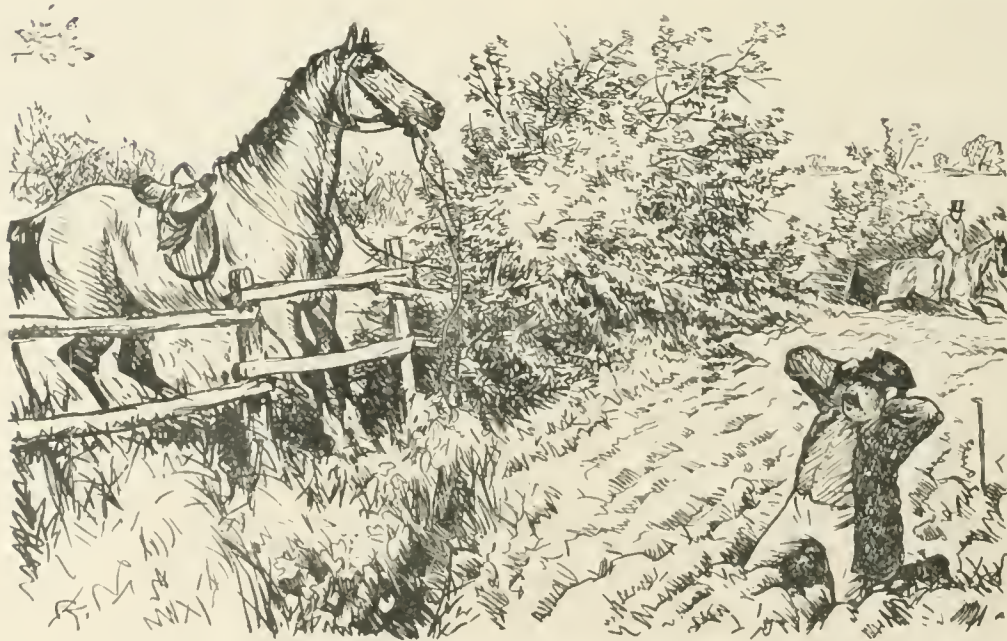
Town Gent. "NOW DO YOU FIND KEEPING POULTRY ANSWERS?"

Country Gent (late retired). "O, 'ES, 'STOSED TO ANSWER. Y' SEE THERE'S THE ORIGINAL COST OF THE FOWLS—'F COURSE THE FOOD GOES DOWN TO ME, Y' KNOW. WELL, THEN, I PURCHASE THE EGGS FROM THE CHILDREN, AND THEY EAT THEM!!!"



Rather too Literal.

Country Gentleman (*in a rage*). "WHY, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, YOU IDIOT! YOU'VE LET HIM DOWN, AND——"
 New Groom. "YES, YER HONNER, YE TOULD ME TO BREAK HIM; AN' BEUK HE IS, KNEES AN' ALL, WORSE LUCK!"



"Bon Voyage!"

Mossu (*shot into a nice soft loam*) exultingly. "A—HA—A! I AM SAFE O-YÈRE! NOW IT IS YOUR TURN, MEESTER TIMBER
 JOMFRE! COVE ON, SABB!"



"Fiat Experimentum," &c.

The Rector. "GOOD MORNING, MRS. SMITHERS. HOW'S THE BABY! ISN'T IT RATHER EARLY TO BRING HIM TO CHURCH! DON'T YOU THINK HE'LL BE RESTLESS!"

Mrs. Smithers. "O, NO, SIR, HE'LL BE QUIET, SIR, WHICH WE TOOK HIM TO THE METHODIST CHAPEL LAST SUNDAY O' PURPOSE TO TRY HIM, SIR!"



Irreverent.

Policeman (on the occasion of our "Confirmation"). "STOP! STOP! GO BACK! YOU MUSTN'T COME IN HERE! WE'RE EXPECTIN' O' THE BISHOP EVERY MINUTE!"

Cabby (fortissimo). "ALL RIGHT! WHY'VE GOT THE OLD BUFFER INSIDE!"



Wet and Dry.

Careful Wife. "ARE YOU VERY WET, DEAR?"

Ardent Angler (turning up his flask). "NO; DRY AS A LIME-KILN—HAVEN'T HAD A DROP THESE TWO HOURS!"



"Not so Fast.!"

Old Gent. (soliloquising, in the *Wolds of Glenamucka*). "AH, WELL, THIS IS VERY JOLLY! WEALTH'S A GREAT BLESSING—NOT THAT I'M A RICH MAN—BUT AFTER THE TURMOIL AND WORRY OF BUSINESS, TO BE ABLE TO RETIRE TO THESE CHARMING SOLITUDES, THE SILENCE ONLY BROKEN BY THE GRATEFUL SOUNDS OF THE RIPPLING STREAM ('BURN,' I MEAN. AH! I NEARLY HAD HIM THEN!). AND THE HUM OF THE BEE! TO BE ABLE TO LEAVE LONDON AND ITS TIRESOME MILLIONS, AND FORGET ALL THE LOW——"

Voice from the Bridge (the ubiquitous "Terry"). "COULD YER 'BLICE US WITH A WORM, GOV'NOR!"!!



Banting in the Yeomanry.

Troop-Sergeant Major. "IT COMES TO THIS, CAPTAIN, 'A MUN E'THER BEV' A NEW JACKET OR KNOCK OFF ONE O' MY MEALS!"



Something from the Provinces.

Excursionist (*politely*). "CAN YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME THE NEAREST WAY TO SLAGLEY?"

Powerful Navy. "AH CAN POONCH TH' HEAD O' THEE!"

[Excursionist retires hastily.]



"Ways and Means."

First Country Gentleman. "'MEAN HUNTING THIS WINTER, CHARLIE?"

Second Country Gentleman (*doubtfully*). "'SHALL TRY AND 'WORK' IT."

First Country Gentleman. "How?"

Second Country Gentleman. "GIVE UP THE UNDER-NURSE, I THINK."



Blank Firing.

Ancient Sportsman (*whose Sight is not what it used to be*). "PICK 'EM UP, JAMES, PICK 'EM UP! WHY DON'T YOU PICK 'EM UP?"

Veteran Keeper. "'CAUSE THERE BEAN'T ANY DOWN, MY LORD!"

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